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JANUARY 21, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GLEANER, JANUARY 21, 1899



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT  
"Portrait of an Architect"

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.



Lord Rosebery

Lord Hardwicke

Duchess of Marlborough

Duke of Marlborough

Duke of Devonshire

Duchess of Devonshire

## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S BALL AT CHATSWORTH HOUSE

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

CHATSWORTH is well named the "Palace of the Peak," for it is indeed a palace. It was built by the first Duke of Devonshire, who employed all the best talent available to plan and decorate the stately mansion that is now one of the finest residences in the world. The architects were Sir Christopher Wren and Talman, who was afterwards architect to William III. Celebrated painters were employed to decorate the interior and exterior of the house, and amongst them were Verrio, La Guerre, Ricardo, Highmore, Huyd, and Sir James Thornhill; the carving in stone was executed by Caius Gabriel Cibber, Geeraerslius, Samuel Watson, Harris, Frost, Nadould, Davis, Landscrom and Auriol; that in wood by Gibbons, Watson, Young, Lobb and Davis. Sir Joseph Paxton, then Mr. Paxton, was the Duke's head gardener, and devised the vast conservatory, and thus obtained the idea for the Crystal Palace, which he afterwards built. Entertainments at such a regal palace are, it need scarcely be said, in keeping with the magnificence of the building. Last Thursday, when the Duke and Duchess gave a grand ball, the splendid interior of Chatsworth was seen to great advantage. The Duke and Duchess received their guests in the Great Hall at the head of the Grand Staircase. The hall is extremely beautiful, enriched as it is with polished marble from Derbyshire quarries, and adorned by paintings by Verrio and La Guerre representing the life of Julius Cæsar. The gallery round the hall was filled with people looking down and enjoying the brilliant scene below, the ladies' toilettes, the blaze of diamonds, the profusion of jewels, and the scarlet coats of men in uniform interspersed with the sombre black of those in ordinary evening dress, making a wonderfully bright and pretty picture. Dancing began soon after ten in the dining-room, a spacious apartment hung with

family portraits and containing exquisite wood-carvings. A special square dance was formed to begin with, in which the Duchess had Lord Rosebery for a partner. The Duchess's dress was of cloth of silver, with point d'Alençon lace and red roses, and she wore a tiara and collar of diamonds. The Duchess of Marlborough wore a dress of white tulle embroidered with pink roses, and a coronet of diamonds and collar of pearls. Supper was served in the Orangery, and there the guests assembled, 150 or so at the time. The Orangery is over one hundred feet long, and is well stored with orange plants of fine growth, camellias, palms, and other choice exotic plants. The tables were arranged round the trees in circles, and the singular beauty of the flowers and shrubs, and the brilliant company assembled made the scene fairylike. Over 500 of the principal inhabitants of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire were invited to the ball. There was a numerous house party, including the Earl of Rosebery, Lady Sybil and Lady Margaret Primrose, the Earl and Countess of Gosford, Viscount Acheson, the Ladies Acheson, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Henry Vane Tempest, Lord Stavordale, Lord Charles Montagu, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Stanley, M.P., and Lady Alice Stanley, and Mr. Richard Cavendish, M.P., and Lady Moyra Cavendish. The guests also included Sir John and Lady Alleyne, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Mylles Cave-Brown-Cave, Sir Vauncey and Lady Crewe, Earl and Countess Ferrers, the Rev. Sir Richard and Lady FitzHerbert, Sir Robert and Lady Frances Gresley, the Earl and Countess of Harrington, Lord and Lady Howard of Glossop, Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Rev. Lord Scarsdale, Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell, and Lord and Lady Waterpark.



## Topics of the Week

THE world has now before it, in a summarised form, the practical proposals of the Tsar for securing a mitigation of the burdens of Armed Peace. With the issue of these important ARMAMENTS proposals the laudable enterprise to which the Emperor of Russia has devoted himself enters upon a new stage. Consultations will now begin, and, whatever their result, it is impossible to doubt that a step has been taken of great, if not epoch-making, significance in the history of mankind. We do not, of course, expect the Golden Age to spring up at once as a consequence of this new circular of Count Muravieff, nor are we even sanguine of any decision at all being taken by the approaching Conference. But at any rate, one important result has already been achieved, inasmuch as the question of arresting, and if possible of diminishing, armaments has now been tabled among the nations as a problem of practical politics. The present proposals are, it is understood, merely tentative. They are suggestions for a basis of discussion, and as such they will no doubt be carefully considered by the Governments to whom they were addressed. In the light of the replies they may elicit, the final programme of the Conference will be drafted, and then the more formal discussions will commence. The chief anxiety of the Tsar is evidently to secure an arrest of armaments. He makes other proposals, but they need not now be considered, as they do not properly relate to the problem of Armed Peace. They are concerned with the prevention of war by arbitration, and the further mitigation of the horrors of war by an extension of the Geneva Convention, and hence they are—at least to our thinking—of little essential relation to the main end which the Tsar has in view. The more we exclude the possibility of war from our minds the easier will it be to deal with the question of the arrest or diminution of armaments, and once progress is made in this direction the other questions will be easily settled. Now how is the arrest of armaments to be brought about? We have, of course, in the published summary only an outline, and that of the barest, of the methods proposed, but they resolve themselves into a strict maintenance of the *status quo*. Neither the strength, nor the cost, nor the equipment of existing armies and navies is to be changed. Existing efficiency is, of course, not to suffer, and there is no idea of requiring that waste shall not be made good, but in other respects a halt is to be called. The most interesting proposal in this connection is that all the Powers shall agree for a stated period not to adopt any new invention in connection with military equipment. This is, of course, indispensable if the arrest is to be complete and uniform. It is also an assistance for the loyal observance of the proposed convention, inasmuch as one of the chief sources of expensive changes will be got rid of. At the same time it illustrates the formidable action of the difficulties with which the Peace Proposal has to grapple, inasmuch as it must arouse the opposition of the powerful vested interests concerned in the production of armaments, and also of the working classes directly dependent on these industries. On the other hand, there is nothing to show that these industries would suffer very ruinously. The normal demands for their products would not be interfered with. But even if they had to suffer, the general public would gain the benefit, and the last excuse that can be urged for the maintenance of the present state of affairs is that it is necessary in order to bolster up a particular

industry. It is quite possible for the Powers to enter into an agreement on the lines suggested by the Tsar, and also to ensure its observance. That such an agreement would be very beneficial we need scarcely point out. For five years, or whatever the period may be, there could be no increase in the European war budgets, and what this would save the taxpaying public may easily be told by a survey of the growth of military expenditure during the last five years. The only question is whether the Powers will agree to such a self-denying ordinance. Many of them, no doubt, still cherish the hope of disturbing one of these days the proportionate distribution of military and naval strength to their own advantage. In that case they will refuse the Tsar's invitation, and at the end of five years the cost of Armed Peace will be heavier than ever, and the proportions of strength will



THE BALL AT CHATSWORTH  
DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

probably not have been changed. If, however, they take a more sensible view, at the end of five years not only will the agreement be yearly renewed, but we believe it will be then found possible to attempt some actual reduction. The issue is in the hands of the public more than in those of their Governments, for it is they whom it is sought to relieve, and without a very strong expression of opinion from them it is doubtful whether any Government will take the responsibility of a departure from the present state of affairs.

Where is "The Great Liberal Party"? Mr. Morley seems unable to discover any definite outlines of that once omnipotent organisation, and Mr. Goldwin Smith is in like condition. By-elections have been common enough of late, but after bold Radical vapouring about never saying die, the

Unionists have been tamely allowed to walk over. Candidates refuse to stand unless all expenses are paid, but none of the many wealthy members of the party care to embark on their dollars in such desperate ventures. In short, for any show of vitality, the party might be the Sleeping Princess who could not awake until the predestined Prince arrived. Who, then, is to act the latter rôle? Mr. Morley does not appear in the least inclined to play the part; Sir William Harcourt professes to be equally reluctant. But we do not gather that the latter is prepared to pledge himself to give loyal and undeviating support to the elected leader. Both prefer that position of "greater freedom and less responsibility" which so admirably suits the "candid friend" variety of party politicians. But even if a generally acceptable leader could be secured, there would still remain the enormous labour of finding a party for him to lead. Mr. Goldwin Smith puts this difficulty as neatly as correctly when asserting that "it is not a leader that is wanted for the party, but a party that is wanted for a leader."

It seems the destiny of Africa to give trouble to Europe. When menace of war subsides in one direction, it is pretty sure to make swift appearance in another. Only just quiet of Dervish hostility and French interference in the Soudan, England once more discerns storm clouds arising in the Transvaal. Whether the Boers or the Uitlanders were more to blame for the recent disturbances may, possibly, be a moot question; present evidence rather tends to place the responsibility on the Doppers for trying to break up the Reformers' indignation meeting. But that gathering was, in itself, a direct provocation to the ruling race, bringing back to Boer memories the closeness of touch which subsisted between the previous Reformers and the Jameson filibusters. It is of little practical consequence, however, whether the Krugerites or Anti-Krugerites first began to bite thumbs. The serious matter is that racial hatred, which seemed to be cooling down, is again aflame at Johannesburg. With tempers on both sides in a volcanic condition, any chance collision in the streets might easily precipitate the massacre which many of the Uitlanders believe the Boers are endeavouring to bring about. The worst of it is, too, that British interference, except of a purely diplomatic sort, would be more likely to make matters worse than better.

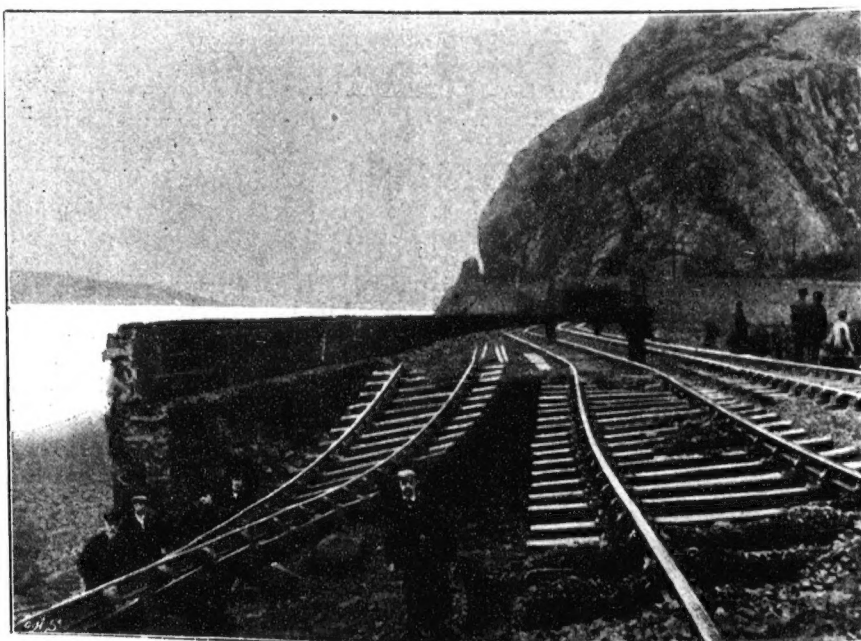
British naval experts naturally belittle the French submarine craft which our neighbours predict will revolutionise maritime warfare. But it may be as well to remember that the French were before us with both ironclads and breech-loaders. Of course, the very large claims put forward on behalf of the *Gustave Zédé* remain to be justified by much more conclusive trials than have yet taken place. She is, however, a great improvement on previous "plungers," and undoubtedly possesses some of the chief qualities required for successful fighting. Her main deficiency appears to be in speed. Nowadays six knots an hour is a miserable crawl, and as her course when approaching can be detected when she momentarily rises to the surface, any warship in motion could easily get out of reach. If her intended victim were at anchor she might possibly get home her blow before she was discovered, but in that respect we do not see much superiority, if any, to a torpedo-boat dashing along at twenty-five or thirty knots an hour. All the same, the Admiralty may be trusted to keep very close watch on the experimental performances of the *Gustave Zédé*.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WICKENS, UPPER BANGOR

THE WRECKED TRAIN AFTER THE TIDE HAD GONE DOWN

On the railway between Chester and Holyhead, a portion of the permanent way just east of Penmaenmawr, was wholly washed away by the sea, which completely undermined the embankment during the heavy gale of Thursday last week. The rails were left suspended, all the ballast having been carried away. A little before midnight a goods train from Manchester crashed into the gap and rolled into the sea. Both the driver and the fireman were drowned, and the train was wrecked. There were in all



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. RICKETTS, LLANDUDNO

VIEW SHOWING EMBANKMENT AND WALL WASHED AWAY

thirteen trucks and vans; of these eight followed the engine in its fall. The engine was found when the tide went down lying on its side on the shore, with a length of wrenched-off rail curling under it. The trucks were smashed to pieces. The mountain shown in each of our illustrations is Penmaenbach, under which a tunnel runs.

## THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT PENMAENMAWR, NORTH WALES



The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE other day I saw a statement in the papers that during the recent gales the wind in some places blew at the rate of ninety miles an hour. I can readily believe this, for I know the other day going across Trafalgar Square I was well-nigh lifted off my feet. One hand was closely engaged in preventing my hat from being blown into the basin of one of the fountains, and the other busily occupied in hindering my umbrella from being wafted through the window of the Union Club. I was leaning well up against the wind when it suddenly stopped, and I nearly fell on my nose. Then it blew again with redoubled fury—this time I should say at the rate of one hundred and eighty miles an hour—it seemed to thump me, to fist me, to violently assault me from every point at the same time. My hat was so firmly pressed on my head that I felt as if I were wearing a tight basin, and I have had a mark on my forehead, something like an underdone nimbus, that I trust may not prove to be permanent. During all these troubles I felt myself slapped in the face and banged on the chest. Presently I heard peals of laughter, and 'bus drivers pointed their whips at me and jeering boys wagged the finger of scorn. I at last discovered that I was wearing a sensational contents bill of one of the evening papers which had broken loose from its proper station, and which, on account of the violence of the blast, I was unable to get rid of. I was forced to struggle on, probably labelled "A Disgrace to London," "A Silly Old Fool," or perhaps worse. I just mention this fact in order that any friends who saw me—your friends always do see you when you are in a questionable situation—may know that I have not yet become a sandwich man.

It is said that in the recent report of the Henley Regatta Committee there is some talk of their proposing to enclose the course so that there will be no possibility of the general public rowing over it during the regatta. It is sincerely to be hoped this is only a wild rumour, and that there is no shadow of truth in it. One of the most striking features of this aquatic festival is the brilliancy of the scene after a race has been rowed, when the hundreds of boats with their gaily costumed occupants suddenly swarm over the river constituting an ever-changing panorama of colour in the gleam of the water and the glitter of the sunshine, and present a scene that is difficult to match anywhere in the world. Once make any hard and fast rule that shall interfere with this and the prosperity of this great institution of the Upper Thames will begin to decline, and when it once does this it will be extremely difficult to revive its popularity. For it must be borne in mind that among the thousands who visit Henley in July there is but a very small percentage who care anything about the rowing. They most of them feel inclined to echo the oft-quoted lines from *Punch*:—

I don't care a rap for the races,  
'Mid all the Regatta embraces:  
I'm that sort of chap, I don't care a rap,  
A rap, or a snap for the races!

Once rob these people of the glory of the spectacle, of the freedom and enjoyment of open-air life, once endeavour to govern their gigantic picnic by hard and fast rules, and they will speedily go elsewhere. So let us hope the rumour is entirely devoid of truth.

An esteemed correspondent writes to ask, "Why is it that in many publications authors and actors are deemed the only people worthy of notice, and the most insignificant of their doings chronicled, circumstances of their lives given, with particulars with regard to their income, both of which are frequently incorrect? Are there no other persons who occupy an important position in this busy world worth noticing?" Yes, I should say there were, a great many. I know I could name dozens. I will not name dozens, because I am always bounded by one column, and if I dilated on the subject I might possibly run into three or four. I will, therefore, only name one, and that one has—as far as I know—never been glorified before, namely, the Auctioneer's Clerk. He is a wonderful combination of energy, acuteness, discrimination and politeness. He is one of the few people I know who can do half a dozen things at the same time, and do them well. While he is busily engaged in chronicling the result of the sale, he will pick up a distant bid if it has escaped his principal's eye, he will rush to distant parts of the room for the card of an unknown buyer, he will make out an elaborate account for some one who wants to leave in a hurry, he will bid judiciously for any commission he may have, and yet he will throughout preserve a calm and unflurried demeanour, and have plenty of time for a little casual conversation or a few passing jokes for those who gather about his desk. I mention this instance because I believe attention has never been before called to this extraordinary combination of abilities, and to show my correspondent that there are plenty of other persons to be written about besides the author and actor, of whom he seems to be getting a trifle weary.

What might have been a serious catastrophe by the fall of the boarding in Victoria Street was only avoided by good luck. It is to be hoped that a strict inquiry will be made with regard to the reason of its occurrence, and that it will lead to the prevention of such accidents in future. Some measures should be taken with regard to the control of these big advertisement stations, and the most stringent regulations should be made in order to make sure of their absolute safety even under the most exceptional conditions of wind and weather. Advertisement is, doubtless, an excellent thing, but when it interferes with public safety it is certainly high time some measures were taken for its control, and I should not be at all surprised if the County Council have a good deal to say on this subject before very long.

Attention has been called in the *Daily Telegraph* to the "Perils of the Omnibus," especially with regard to these vehicles not stopping sufficiently long to take up passengers, and going on before they are comfortably seated. The present generation has become so agile in climbing 'buses or hopping on and off them when going at full speed, that I think perhaps they are a good deal to blame in not demanding that the 'bus should be properly stopped. On the other hand, the omnibus companies should carry out at once a reform which I have strenuously advocated, and that is to place a higher rail round the outside seats, especially at the back. The want of this simple and common-sense arrangement is continually causing accidents from people falling from the roof, and many of these of a serious nature.

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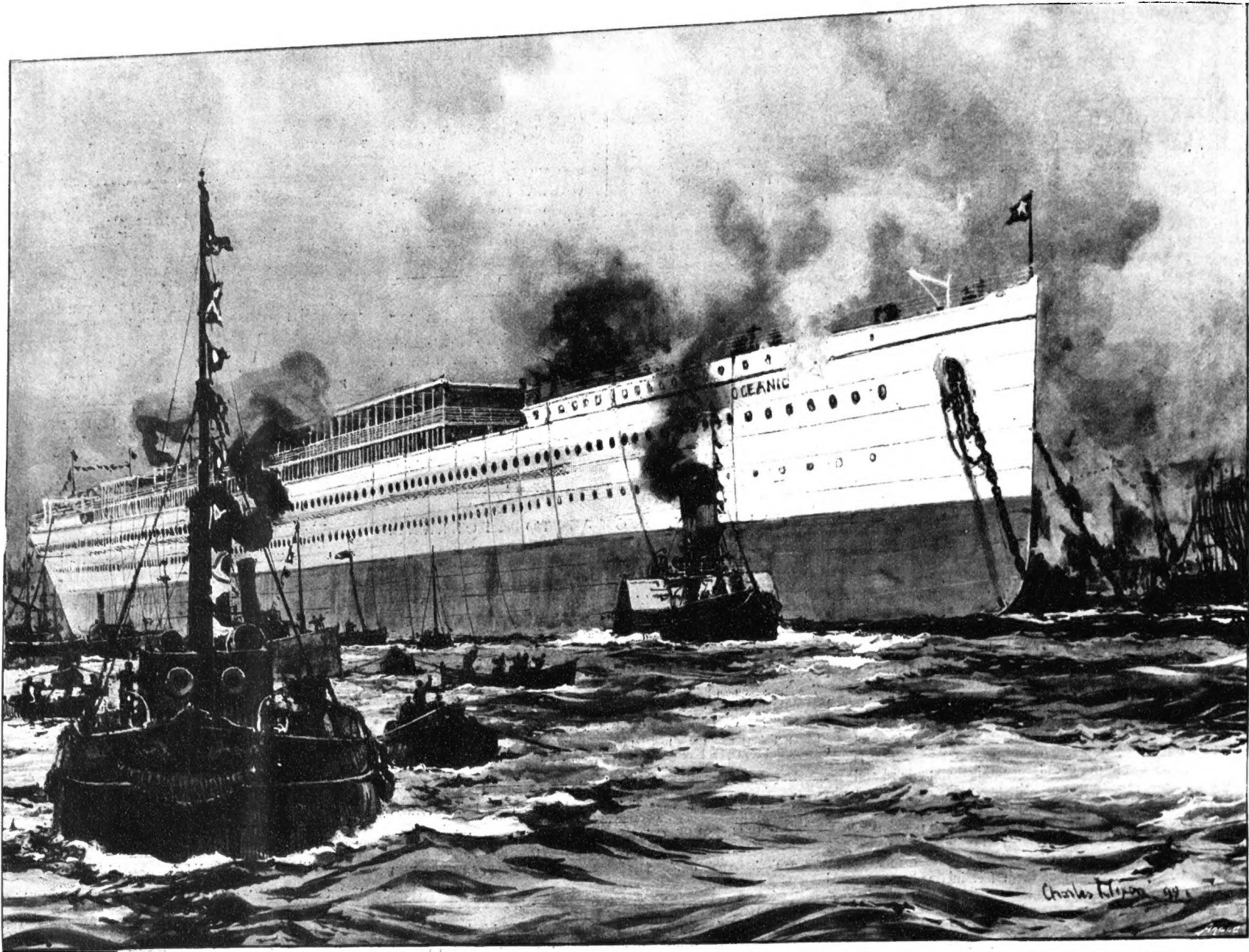
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THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD: THE NEWLY LAUNCHED STEAMER "OCEANIC" AFLOAT FOR THE FIRST TIME  
DRAWN BY C. DIXON



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

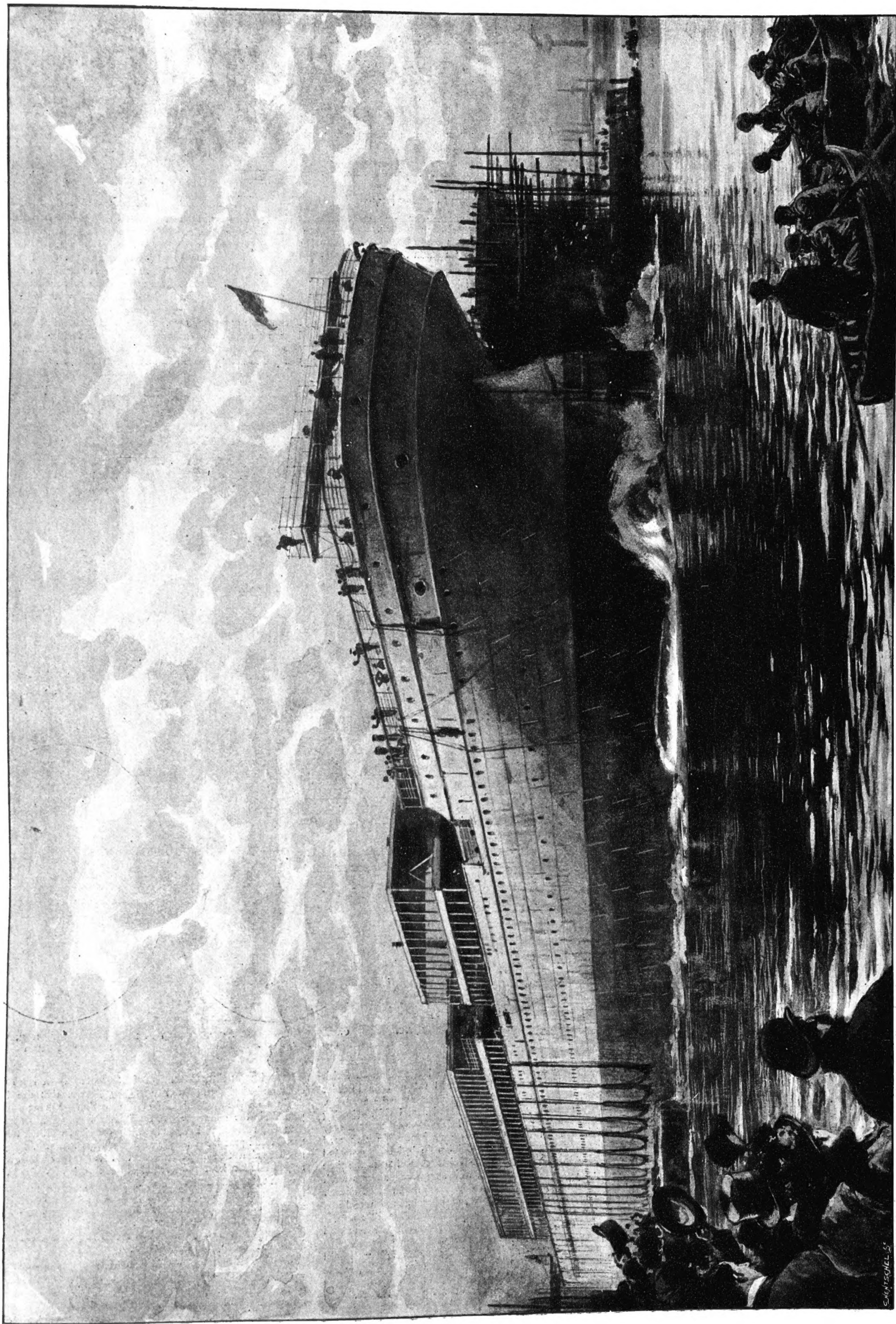
Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston arrived at Bombay on December 30, and received an enthusiastic welcome from all sections of the community. The Viceroy landed at the Apollo Bandar, and crowds thronged towards that stage to get a sight of their new ruler. Immediately on landing Lord Curzon was

presented with a silver casket containing an address of welcome, and after he had replied in a few words the party drove in a landau to Government House, where a deputation from the Chamber of Commerce received them. A banquet and a reception brought to a close Lord Curzon's first day as Viceroy of India

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIFTON AND CO., BOMBAY

THE NEW VICEROY'S ARRIVAL IN INDIA: PREPARING TO LEAVE FOR GOVERNMENT HOUSE AFTER LANDING AT BOMBAY





On Saturday there was launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Yard, at Queen's Island, Belfast, the new twin-screw steamer *Oceanic*, which has been built for the White Star Line. The event will mark an era in the history of shipbuilding as a feat of engineering, for the *Oceanic* is the largest vessel ever built. The length of the *Great Eastern* was 680 feet, that of the *Oceanic* is 704 feet. Their respective displacements are 11,844 tons and 18,000 tons, and weight of hull 8,000 tons and 12,500 tons. When on a voyage the *Oceanic* will weigh 23,800 tons compared to the *Great Eastern's* 25,000. To compare their engines would be almost absurd, the older vessel, with its steam pressure of 25 lb. to the square inch against the *Oceanic's* 192 lb. In shape, too, the *Oceanic* is the antithesis of the *Great Eastern*. She does not look at all clumsy, but presents a graceful appearance. The *Oceanic* has been built to suit Admiralty requirements as an armed cruiser, and she can steam 23,400 miles at twelve knots without re-coaling.

THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD: THE LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "OCEANIC" AT BELFAST

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, BELFAST

DRAWN BY J. NASIR, R.I.



## Our Portraits

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE's retirement from the post of the Permanent Secretary of the Post Office will be greatly regretted by all who have served under him, for while he has earned the gratitude of the public by affording increased conveniences and by removing tiresome restrictions, he had always had an eye for the interests of the officials under him. Sir Spencer Walpole, who is a great-grandson of the first Earl of Orford, was born in 1806. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the first English declamation prize and the prize for the best essay on the "Character and Conduct of William III." In 1831 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, of which he is now bencher. He was M.P. for Midhurst from 1846 to 1856 and for Cambridge from 1852 to 1882. On three occasions he served as Home Secretary in a Conservative Government. In 1882 he left Parliamentary life and became Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, occupying that post until 1893, when he was appointed Secretary to the Post Office. His rule at St. Martin's will be long remembered as that in which the vexatious restrictions were removed from post-cards, and the public were allowed to fix a halfpenny stamp to an ordinary post-card; depositors in the Savings Bank were allowed to use the telegraph to withdraw money; the public were permitted to write the words "Please forward" or "To be sent on" on the address side of letters; and lastly, Imperial Penny Post was introduced. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Another retirement which will be much regretted, and will be received with general sympathy, is that of Canon Robert Eyton,

long service, and has been Major of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion (the Prince of Wales's) South Lancashire Regiment for sixteen years, and Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel since 1885. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Señor Yglesias, the President of Costa Rica, who is paying a visit to this country, has not come here, it is officially stated, either as the guest of the Queen or of the Government in the ordinary sense. His visit is stated to be non-political and partly private. He has been busy making and receiving calls. He has paid a visit to Lord Salisbury, and has exchanged calls with the Prince of Wales. This week he travelled to Osborne and was received by the Queen. Señor Yglesias became President of Costa Rica in May last year, and his tenure of office lasts until 1902. He has thus several years before him in which to carry out his wishes to improve the country.

The death is announced of Mr. William Burgess Pryer, British Consular Agent at Sandakan, British North Borneo. Mr. Pryer, who was one of the pioneers of British North Borneo, was on his way home on sick leave. He first went to Borneo in 1877, and became the first British Resident at Sandakan in the following year. Our portrait is by Afong, Hong Kong.

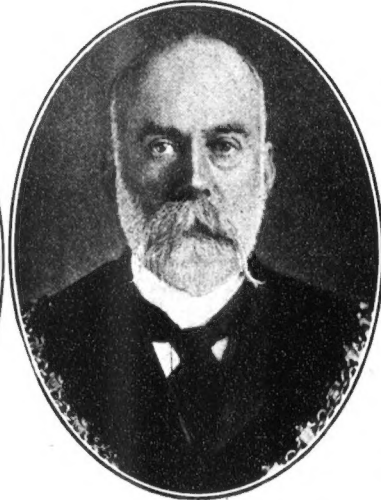
The news of the somewhat sudden death of Mr. Richard Gowing has been received with deep regret by a large circle of literary and journalistic friends. For some time Mr. Gowing was editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and from shortly after the passing of Mr. Forster's Act of 1870 until five years ago he was editor of the *School Board Chronicle*, a post he was specially fitted for, as he took a deep

won his V.C. for conspicuous gallantry when commanding the *Weser* in the Sea of Azoff. Sir John also saw service in the China War of 1859-60, and in the first Ashanti War, when he was severely wounded. Curiously enough, his successor as Admiral of the Fleet, Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, G.C.B., has also won the V.C. He gained that coveted honour while serving with the Naval Brigade in India for conspicuous gallantry before Lucknow. He had previously served in the Baltic during the Crimean War. The promotion following Sir John Commerell's retirement include that of Captain Ernest Neville Rolfe, who becomes a Rear-Admiral. He entered the Navy in 1861, and saw active service in the first Ashanti War and in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He accompanied Admiral Sir W. Hewett on the mission to King John of Abyssinia when he was mentioned in despatches and made C.B. Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Sir John Commerell and Sir Nowell Salmon, by J. Russell and Sons, and Captain E. N. Rolfe, by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The Right Rev. Thomas Earle Welby, Bishop of St. Helena, whose death was caused by a carriage accident, was one of the oldest prelates in the English Church. He was the second son of the late Sir W. E. Welby, and was born in 1811, and began life as a cavalry regiment. Wishing to become a missionary, however, was ordained in Toronto, and there obtained his first preferment. After a few years spent in Lincolnshire as Rector of Newton, he returned to Colonial work, this time to the Cape, where he became Archdeacon of Georgetown. He was appointed in 1862 to succeed Bishop Claughton as second Bishop of St. Helena, his jurisdiction also extending over the Islands of Ascension and Tristan d'Acut. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



THE LATE MR. W. B. PRYER  
Consular Agent at Sandakan



LIEUT.-COL. F. PILKINGTON  
New M.P. for Lancashire, S.W.



CANON ROBERT EYTON  
Who has resigned his Canonry and Rectory



SEÑOR YGLESIAS  
President of Costa Rica



THE LATE MR. RICHARD GOWING  
Secretary of the Cobden Club



SIR SPENCER WALPOLE,  
Retiring from the Secretaryship of the Post Office



ADMIRAL SIR NOWELL SALMON, V.C.  
Who is created Admiral of the Fleet



FLEET-ADMIRAL SIR J. COMMERELL, V.C.  
Who has just retired



CAPTAIN E. N. ROLFE, C.B.  
Promoted to be Rear-Admiral



THE LATE RIGHT REV. T. E. WELBY  
Bishop of St. Helena

who is resigning his canonry and the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, through ill-health due to overwork. Canon Eyton is still a comparatively young man, having been born in 1845, and was looked upon as a likely candidate for a vacant bishopric. Educated at Shrewsbury School, he was ordained in 1870, and was not long in making a reputation as a preacher and organiser. At Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, he gathered round him a remarkable congregation, a congregation not only of social rank but of thoughtful and educated men. His sermons attracted much attention, and Bishop Thorold described him as full of fibre, and whatever may be thought of his theological and ecclesiastical views there can be no doubt that he was liked and followed as few clergy are. He was made Prebendary of St. Paul's, and when Dr. Farrar became Dean of Canterbury, Canon Eyton was appointed to succeed him at St. Margaret's, Westminster. With regard to his views, Canon Eyton leaned originally a High Churchman, but he had come to be regarded rather as Broad Church than as High. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Pilkington, who has just been returned as a Conservative unopposed for the South-West Division of Lancashire, in the place of the Hon. T. Wodehouse Legh (who has succeeded to the Peerage on the death of his father), was fifty-eight years old last Tuesday. He is a glass manufacturer at St. Helens, and a member of the firm of Pilkington Bros. He has been Mayor of St. Helens four times, and is now serving his fifth year in that office. An enthusiastic Volunteer, he has the V.D. for

interest in all questions pertaining to national education, on which he was a recognised authority. He resigned this position in order to join his wife, whose health made her residence abroad a necessity. Mrs. Gowing died very shortly afterwards, and Mr. Gowing remained abroad for a year or two. Education was not the only subject which claimed Mr. Gowing's attention. He was well known as the active secretary of the Cobden Club, having occupied that position for the greater part of its existence and up to the time of his death. The club's manifesto, which appeared about a week ago, was signed by Mr. Gowing in conjunction with Lord Farrer, and may be regarded as the last act of his long and useful life. Mr. Gowing was secretary of the Whitefriars' Club, a little coterie of literary men, among whom Mr. Gowing was highly esteemed and will be sorely missed. Among the writings of Mr. Gowing may be mentioned "Public Men of East Suffolk," "Richard Cobden," in the *World's Workers Series*, and a pamphlet, "The New Protection Cry," which, though written twenty years ago, is still in vogue among the literature of the Cobden Club. Our portrait is by Lavender, Bromley.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Edmund Commerell, G.C.B., V.C., attained the age of seventy last week, and was consequently placed on the retired list. Sir John Commerell's war services date back to 1845, when he was present, as a midshipman of the *Firebrand*, at the cutting of chains across the River Plate under heavy fire. He next saw active service during the Crimean War, when he

THE FRESH AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—It is a matter of common knowledge, says *The Golden Penny*, that the late Sir Andrew Clarke cured himself of consumption by living as much as possible in the open air. The principle involved has since been generally recognised by the medical profession, with the result that the old bad practice of keeping consumptives in warm, stuffy rooms has been almost entirely abandoned. It is fresh air which is mainly responsible for the cures worked at such places as Davos, where the patients spend fourteen hours a day out of doors, breathing cold, bracing mountain air, while they are exhilarated by bright sunshine. The result is that each diseased spot in the lungs is cut off from the healthy tissue by a ring of stretched cells across which disease germs cannot pass, and so the malady is arrested until the strengthened body can overcome it.

"LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE" (Hurst and Blackett), which is edited by Mr. Edmund Lodge, late Norroy King-at-Arms, and is now published for the sixty-eighth successive year, is a handsome quarto volume of over a thousand pages. The opening pages are devoted to a "Historical View of the Peerage," which alone would make the book valuable. The roll of Lords, spiritual and temporal, is also useful. It is corrected down to December 5, and Lord Kitchener's name is the last on the list. Under the head of each Peer will be found his own family and collateral branches and a short account of his parentage. The arms of the Peers are given. The names of immediate relatives of a Peer or Baronet, even though they be dead, will be found in their proper places, which is often a source of great convenience in the work of reference.



The Newfoundland Question

By D. W. PROWSE, Q.C., LL.D.

(Author of "A History of Newfoundland from the Records")

DAY after day the English and French journals continue to discuss the all-absorbing questions of the relations between the two countries. The greatest prominence is given to the subject of the Newfoundland Treaty Shore. The genuine sympathy shown for the Colony by all the British newspapers will delight the hearts of the Islanders; hitherto they have considered themselves maligned and neglected by England. Two of our most eminent politicians, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, have referred to the Newfoundland affair as one of the grave and pending disputes between France and England. The member for the Forest of Dean goes still further; Sir Charles the other day told his admiring Parisian friends that it was the most important question now pending between the two countries, and that it should be settled; and, added the genial Baronet, "I am all for the Newfoundlanders." The gravity of the question arises from the constant impending danger of a collision between the subjects of both nations—a hot-headed French officer, an over-zealous English commander, or an impulsive Colonist may at any moment bring about a serious quarrel on the Newfoundland coast.

As Admiral Reveillere puts it very clearly, "Our presence on the French shore is a perpetual menace of a dispute, which has only been avoided—and it is marvellous that it should have been—by the display of extreme goodwill on the part of the two Governments concerned." It must be admitted that much is due to such talented commanders as Sir W. R. Kennedy, and the Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, as well as to the admirable tact and moderation of some of the French officers, especially the latest ones—the brilliant Humann, now Admiral, and the kindly old Commodore Réculoux. Our own naval officers are instructed at all hazards to keep on good terms with the French, and they keep entertaining and making much of their rivals. These international courtesies, like the generous treatment of Major Marchand and his subordinates on the Nile, are quite the right thing to do. Wherever possible we should avoid any ruffling of the plumes of our very touchy neighbours across the Channel. The preliminary steps taken by the French Administration to bring about a rapprochement on this subject deserve the highest praise. No Government dare tell the truth about Dreyfus, and hitherto no French Minister has ventured to inform his country about the real state of affairs in Newfoundland.

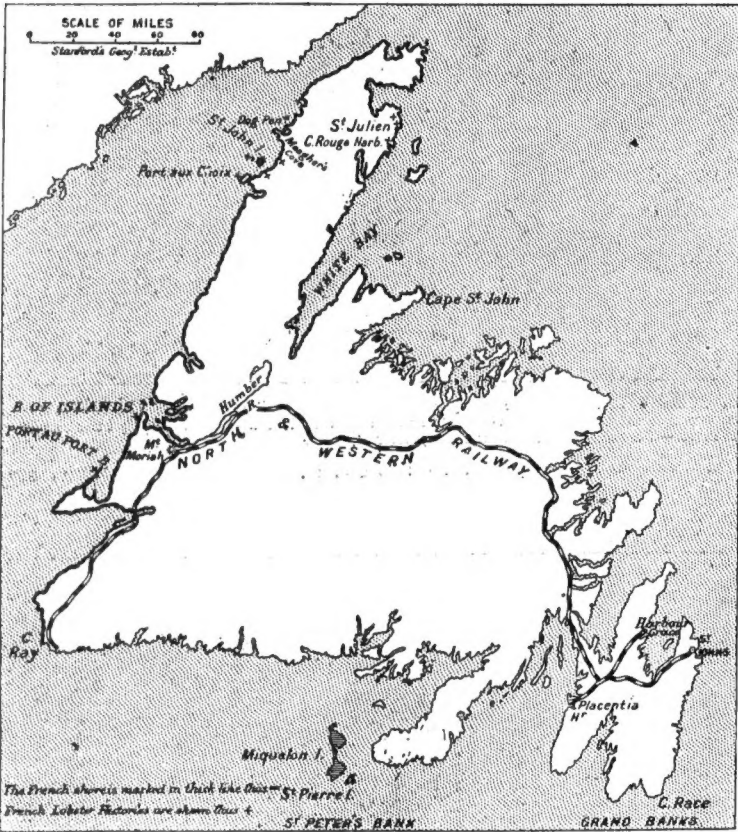
In a very adroit and emphatic way the Colonial Minister has brought home to France, through the convenient channel of Admiral Reveillere, several most unwelcome truths about their Transatlantic Colonial policy. First, that the six million francs which have been annually expended on Newfoundland for national purposes as a nursery for the navy is a gross fraud. The gallant officer emphatically declares, "The French shore is of no kind of value for our navy." The money is expended solely and simply to enrich the French merchants; every fisherman costs over a thousand francs. More than 4,000 excellent naval recruits could be added for the national defence every year out of money which now goes into the pockets of the St. Malo and Granville traders. Secondly, Admiral Reveillere continues, professional patriots (the Colonial party) "have exaggerated the question beyond measure." Thirdly, "It would be of advantage to the two nations if our rights in Newfoundland were exchanged for something of equivalent value." And in a second letter he further writes that when the French shore question is finally settled the really important fishery interests of France in Newfoundland will remain untouched. As he explains, there are three industries carried on there, one being the *pêche sédentaire*, or "shore fishers." The men employed in this business are not sailors, they are *graviers*, beachmen, or in Newfoundland parlance, "shore fishermen." The others are the small bank fishery on St. Peter's Bank, near St.

Pierre, and the great deep sea fishery on the Grand Banks. This is the really important French industry in Newfoundland. It employs nearly 4,000 men, and a large capital is invested in the enterprise. The headquarters of the fleet are at St. Pierre. Although bolstered up with enormous bounties and protection in every form it is a



FRENCH ROOMS AT CAPE ROUGE HARBOUR

decaying industry. To France and French merchants it is worth twenty French shores. A great desideratum for this business is an ample, secure, and cheap supply of bait. This can only be obtained from Newfoundland. It is one of the advantages which England can offer France in exchange for her rights on the Treaty coast. France learnt in 1888 that by the operation of the Bait Act we could completely ruin her bank fishery. Since then bait has been the most prominent subject in all negotiations.



MAP SHOWING THE TREATY SHORE AND THE FRENCH FISHERMEN'S STATIONS ON THE COAST

In the first-named industry, the shore fishery on the Newfoundland Treaty coast, according to the last official returns, there are 458 men engaged. Only 329 are employed by the five Breton firms doing business on the shore, the remaining 129 are the servants of traders from St. Pierre. One hundred and thirteen Bretons and Normans fish

on the north-east coast. Their business has been such an utter failure that it cannot be carried on any longer. In 1893 the fishery was so unproductive in this part that the Newfoundland Government had to remove the whole able-bodied English population to White Bay for winter employment on a road to the railway. At St. Julien's the crew of fifty Frenchmen did not earn more than 4*l.* apiece; at Rouge about 8*l.* last season. The north-east coast may therefore be dismissed from our consideration. There only remains to be dealt with the west coast, with 216 French fishermen. Here they have at Port aux Choix, their principal place in Newfoundland, Guibert et Fils and Auguste Le Moine, of St. Malo. The two firms doing business here employ 127 men. Anatole Le Moine has fifty-five men at John Meagher's Cove. At St. John Island, Melruc, of St. Malo, employs thirty-four men. At Dog Peninsula, in the north, Poirrier, of St. Pierre, thirty-two servants. The rest of the St. Pierre traders have small establishments in the neighbourhood of Bay of Islands and at Port au Port Bay. The catch of codfish on the west coast is much better than on the north-east; it probably amounted to 6,500*l.* in actual value in 1898, and the lobsters, which have increased enormously in price, to 14,000*l.* (fourteen thousand pounds). The only French legitimate business is the codfishery. Lobster factories with a boiler on a brick foundation, with furnace and chimney and a corrugated iron roof, are clearly permanent buildings. So obvious was this infraction of the treaty, that in 1888 Commander Réculoux ordered Captain Dameron to take down his building. These details are given in order to show the real condition at the present day of the French shore question. Dismissing from our consideration the north-east coast, which the French have virtually abandoned, there really only remains the small business of these French firms, the two Le Moines, Guibert et Fils, and the petty traders from St. Pierre.

The French Colonial Minister sees clearly that he must settle this business with the English. In the face of an enormous Colonial Budget he dare not increase bounties or give any underhand bonus to the fishermen. He knows full well that he has no case on the lobster question, and without lobsters no business can be done on the west coast. The English won't renew the lobster *modus vivendi*. On the other hand we offer a liberal compensation and an arrangement to secure the French a full supply of bait, if in return they agree to give us a Consul at St. Pierre, also to guarantee that their fishing vessels shall only carry enough liquor for ships' stores, and finally that they retire for ever from the coast. It says little for the diplomatists of two great countries if they cannot agree to buy out the Le Moines, Guibert et Fils, and the Pierrois traders. Some settlement must be made—Newfoundland will no longer bear the odious burden of French aggression, she will no longer be content to allow the fairest and richest portion of her territory to be closed to all enterprise and fruitful industry, 14,000 people on the Treaty shore to be for ever injured for the sake of a couple of hundred Frenchmen and a dead industry.

A MOVING PANORAMA OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY will be one of the features of the Russian section in the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The journey from Moscow to China is to be illustrated in realistic fashion.

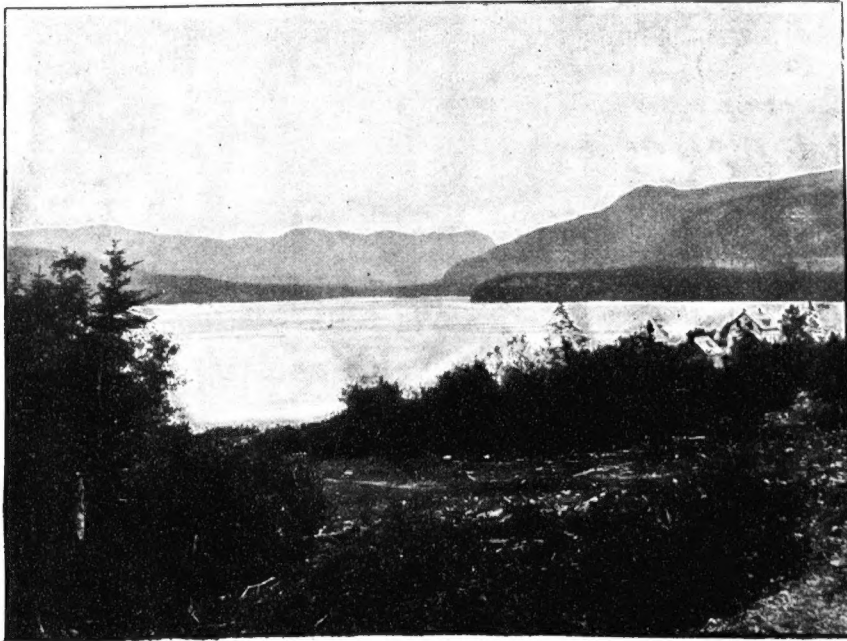
MOST OF THE OLD SPANISH GUNS FROM CUBA will be sent over to the United States as relics, and mounted outside public buildings in memory of the late campaign. The majority are quite obsolete—medieval bronze cannon which are now only worth the value of their metal, although they long served to defend Havana. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton Colleges will receive some of the guns in honour of their sons who fell on the field.

THE LATE BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD'S BEQUEST OF ART TREASURES TO THE BRITISH NATION is said to be worth 300,000*l.* The illuminated missals and manuscripts are especially beautiful, and the collection includes arms and armour, glass, enamels, plate, rare carvings, *bijouterie*, &c., all of which will be housed in the British Museum.



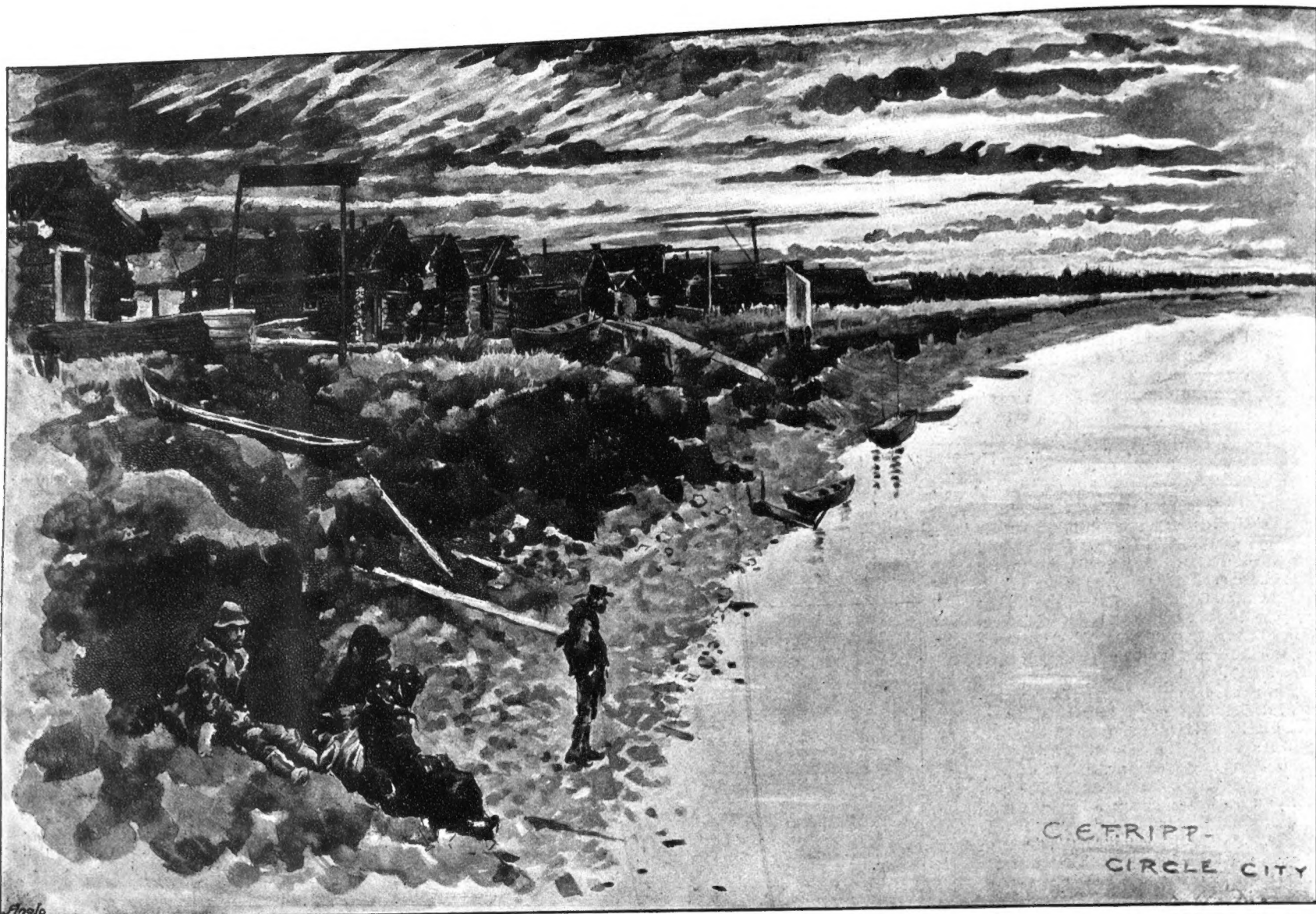
PHOTO BY R. G. HOLLOWAY

HUMBER RIVER ON THE WEST COAST, FROM "VICTORIA PLACE"



MOUNT MORIAH, ON THE HUMBER ARM, IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS

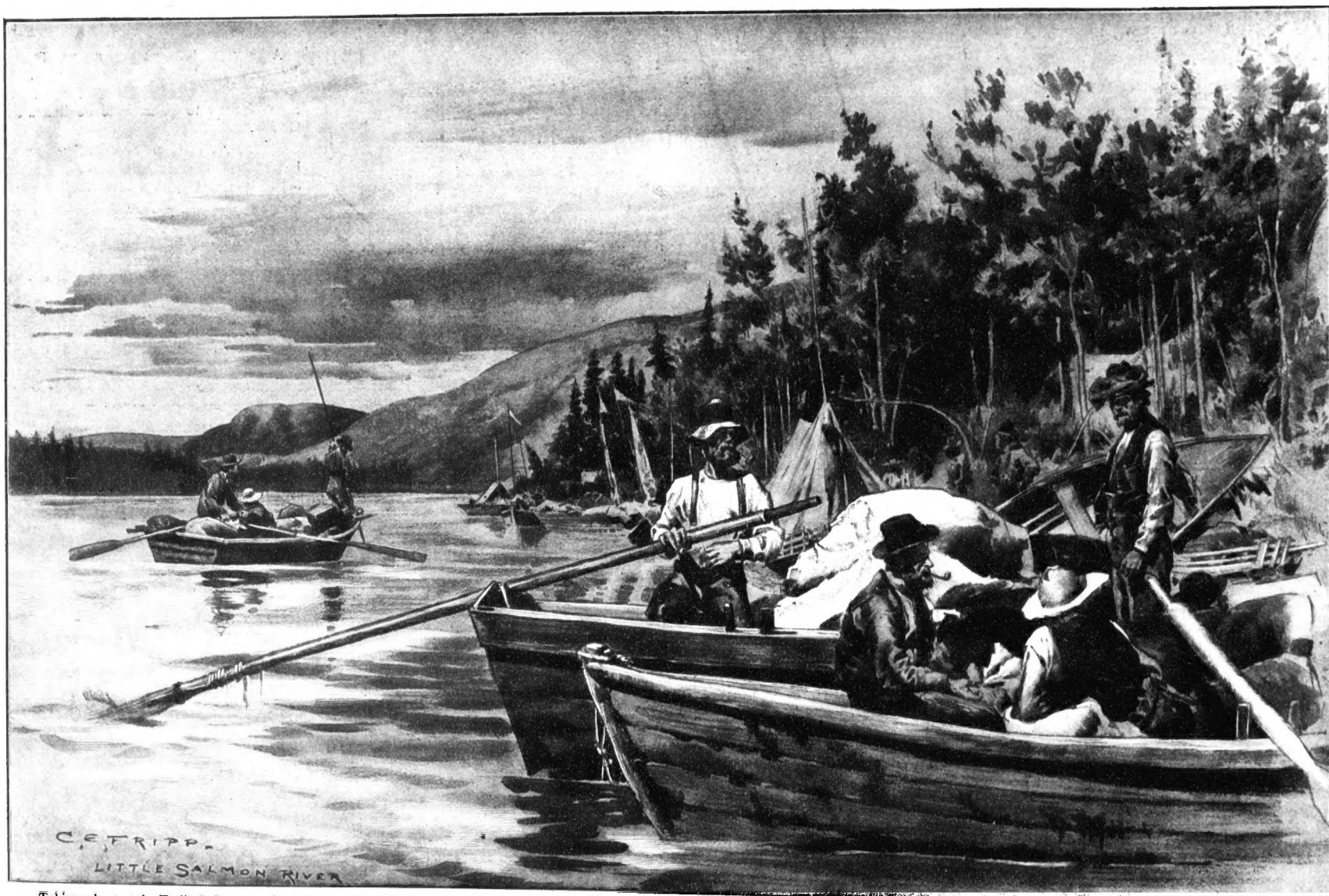




Our Artist describes the glowing accounts of the towns in the Yukon district which have been published as utterly misleading. "Circle City," he writes, "for example, over 200 miles below Dawson City, has been described as situated on 'an elevated table-land bordering the river—there were theatres, restaurants, stores,

saloons—in short a city.' An extract from my diary says:—'8.30 p.m. reached Circle City, a line of log cabins, with half a dozen two-story buildings in centre extending along a high bank, as at Fort Selkirk."

ON THE WAY FROM DAWSON CITY TO THE COAST: SUNSET AT MIDNIGHT AT CIRCLE CITY



Taking a boat at the Teslin Lake our artist made the rest of the journey to Dawson City by water. One of the greatest troubles and annoyances on the way were the frequent summons to land by Customs officers. At the Little Salmon River, where was the greatest collection of tents our artist had passed, he managed to

pass unmolested. Our artist, when writing of this incident, mentioned incidentally that he was struck by the dishevelled state of his companions, although he was comically conscious that his own hair and beard had grown to an usual length

ON THE WAY UP THE LEWIS RIVER: AT THE MOUTH OF THE LITTLE SALMON RIVER  
TO YUKON AND BACK: SKETCHES FROM LIFE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP





"He went to the railings of the balcony and leant forward. The place into which he looked was an aisle of Titanic buildings, curving away in a spacious sweep in either direction. 'Gigantic' globes of cool white light shamed the pale sunbeams that filtered down through the girders and wires"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES  
BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

GRAHAM lifted his arm, and was astonished to find what strength the restoratives had given him. He thrust one leg over the side of the couch and then the other. His head no longer swam. He could scarcely credit his rapid recovery. He sat feeling his limbs. The man with the flaxen beard re-entered from the archway, and as he did so the cage of a lift came sliding down in front of the thickset man, and a lean, grey-bearded man, carrying a roll, and wearing a tightly fitting costume of dark green, appeared therein. "This is the tailor," said the thickset man with an introductory gesture. "It will never do for you to wear that black. I cannot understand how it got here. But I shall. I shall. You will be as rapid as possible?" he said to the tailor. The man in green bowed, and, advancing, seated himself by Graham on the bed. His manner was calm, but his eyes were full of curiosity. "You will find the fashions altered Sir," he said. He glanced from under his brows at the thickset man. He opened the roller with a quick movement, and a confusion of

brilliant fabrics poured out over his knees. "You lived, Sir, in a period essentially cylindrical—the Victorian. With a tendency to the hemisphere in hats. Circular curves always. Now—" He flicked out a little appliance the size and appearance of a keyless watch, whirled the knob, and behold—a little figure in white appeared kinetoscope fashion on the dial, walking and turning. The tailor caught up a pattern of bluish white satin. "That is my conception of your immediate treatment," he said. The thickset man came and stood by the shoulder of Graham. "We have very little time," he said. "Trust me," said the tailor. "My machine follows. What do you think of this?" "What is that?" asked the man from the nineteenth century. "In your days they showed you a fashion plate," said the tailor, "but this is our modern development. See here." The little figure repeated its evolution, but in a different costume. "Or this," and with a click another small figure in a more voluminous type of robe marched on to the dial. The tailor was very quick in his movements, and glanced twice towards the lift as he did these things.

It rumbled again, and a crop-haired, staring, anæmic lad, clad in coarse pale blue canvas, appeared, together with a complicated machine, which he pushed noiselessly on little castors into the room. Incontinently the little kinetoscope was dropped, Graham was invited to stand in front of the machine, and the tailor muttered some instructions to the crop-haired lad, who answered in guttural tones, with words Graham did not recognise. The boy then went to conduct an incomprehensible monologue in the corner, and the tailor pulled out a number of slotted arms terminating in little discs, pulling them out until the discs were flat against the body of Graham, one at each shoulder blade, one at the elbows, one at the neck and so forth, so that at last there were, perhaps, two score of them upon his body and limbs. At the same time, some other person entered the room by the lift, behind Graham. The tailor set moving a mechanism that initiated a faint-sounding rhythmic movement of parts in the machine, and in another moment he was knocking up the levers, and Graham was released. The tailor replaced his cloak of black, and the man with the flaxen beard proffered him a little glass of some refreshing fluid. Graham saw







The stimulus of those clear fluids he had taken was only temporary. He was speedily fatigued by this excessive haste. He asked Howard to slacken his speed. Presently he was in a lift that had a window upon the great street space, but this was glazed and did not open, and they were too high for him to see the moving platforms below. But he saw people going to and fro along cables and strange, frail-looking bridges.

And thence they passed across the street and at a vast height above it. They crossed by means of a narrow bridge closed in with glass, so clear that it made him giddy even to remember it. The floor of it also was of glass. From his memory of the cliffs between New Quay and Boscastle, so remote in time, and so recent in his experience, it seemed to him that they must be near four hundred feet above the moving ways. He stopped, looked down between his legs upon the swarming blue and red multitudes, minute and foreshortened, struggling and gesticulating still towards the little balcony far below, a little toy balcony it seemed, where he had so recently been standing. A thin haze and the glare of the mighty globes of light obscured everything. A man seated in a little openwork cradle shot by from some point still higher than the little narrow bridge, rushing down a cable as swiftly almost as if he were falling. Graham stopped involuntarily to watch this strange passenger vanish in a great circular opening below, and then his eyes went back to the tumultuous struggle.

Along one of the swifter ways rushed a thick crowd of red spots. This broke up into individuals as it approached the balcony, and went pouring down the slower ways towards the dense struggling crowd on the central area. These men in red appeared to be armed with sticks or truncheons; they seemed to be striking and thrusting. A great shouting, cries of wrath, screaming, burst out and came up to Graham faint and thin. "Go on," cried Howard, laying hands on him.

Another man rushed down a cable. Graham suddenly glanced up to see whence he came, and beheld through the glassy roof and the network of cables and girders, dim rhythmically passing forms like the vans of windmills, and between them glimpses of a remote and pallid sky. Then Howard had thrust him forward across the bridge, and he was in a little narrow passage decorated with geometrical patterns.

"I want to see more of that," cried Graham, resisting.

"No, no," cried Howard, still gripping his arm. "This way. You must go this way." And the men in red following them seemed ready to enforce his orders.

Some men in a curious wasp-like uniform of black and yellow appeared down the passage, and one hastened to throw up a sliding shutter that had seemed a door to Graham, and led the way through it. Graham found himself in a gallery overhanging the end of a great chamber. The attendant in black and yellow crossed this, thrust up a second shutter, and stood waiting.

This place had the appearance of an anteroom. He saw a number of people in the central space, and at the opposite end a large and imposing doorway at the top of a flight of steps, heavily curtained but giving a glimpse of some still larger hall beyond. He perceived men in red and other men in black and yellow standing stiffly about those portals.

As they crossed the gallery he distinctly heard a whisper from below, "The Sleeper," and was aware of a sudden turning of heads, a hum of observation. They entered another little passage in the wall of this ante-chamber, and then he found himself on an iron-railed gallery of metal that passed round the side of the great hall he had already seen through the curtains. He entered the place at the corner, so that he received the fullest impression of its huge proportions. The man in the wasp uniform stood aside like a well-trained servant, and closed the valve behind him.

Compared with any of the places Graham had so far seen, this second hall appeared to be decorated with extreme richness. On a pedestal at the remoter end, and more brilliantly lit than any other object was a huge white figure of Atlas, strong and strenuous, the globe upon his bowed shoulders. It was the first thing to strike his attention, it was so vast, so white and simple. Save for this figure and for a dais in the centre, the wide floor of the place was a shining vacancy. The dais was remote in the greatness of the area; it would have looked a mere slab of metal had it not been for the group of seven men who stood about a table upon it, and gave an inkling of its proportions. They were all dressed in white robes, they seemed to have arisen that moment from their seats, and they stood steadfastly regarding Graham. At the end of the table he perceived the glitter of some mechanical appliances, and across it all the shadow of the Atlas fell.

Howard led him along the end gallery until they were opposite this mighty labouring figure. Then he stopped. The two men in red who had followed them into the gallery came and stood on either hand of Graham.

"You must remain here," murmured Howard, "for a few moments," and, without waiting for a reply, hurried away along the gallery.

"But, why—?" began Graham.

He moved as if to follow Howard, and found his path obstructed by one of the men in red. "You have to wait here, Sir," said the man in red.

"Why?"

"Orders, Sir."

"Whose orders?"

"Our orders, Sir."

Graham looked his exasperation.

"What place is this?" he said presently. "Who are those men?"

"They are the Lords of the Council, Sir."

"What council?"

"The Council."

"Oh!" said Graham, and after an equally ineffectual attempt at the other man, went to the railing and stared at the distant men in white, who stood watching him and whispering together.

The Council? He perceived there were now eight, though how the newcomer had arrived he had not observed. They made no gestures of greeting; they stood regarding him as in the nineteenth century a group of men might have stood in the street regarding a distant balloon that had suddenly floated into view. What council could it be that gathered there, that little body of men beneath the

significant white Atlas, secluded from every eavesdropper in this impressive spaciousness? And why should he be brought to them and looked at strangely and spoken of inaudibly? Howard appeared beneath, walking quickly across the polished floor towards them. As he drew near he bowed and performed certain peculiar movements, apparently of a ceremonial nature. Then he ascended the steps of the dais, and stood by the apparatus at the end of the table.

Graham watched that visible inaudible conversation. Occasionally, one of the white-robed men would glance towards him. He strained his ears in vain. The gesticulation of two of the speakers became animated. He glanced from them to the passive faces of his attendants. When he looked again Howard was extending his hands and moving his head like a man who protests. He was interrupted, it seemed, by one of the white-robed men rapping the table.

(To be continued)

## M. Verestchagin's Exhibition

M. VERESTCHAGIN, who now makes his fourth bow to the British public, is a man who must be judged apart. He is not one of your slow-going artists who paint their pictures for the sake of the art and await patiently the advent of fame, though it dally to the end of their lives. He is a draughtsman of great ability, of furious energy, and, for a painter, of unbounded enterprise. He was still a youth when, finding that Fame did not fly forth to meet him halfway, he sought her out, collared her, and dragged her to his studio willy-nilly—and the general public have followed on her track. He is not only a painter—he is also, by profession, war-artist and



M. VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

correspondent, sailor, soldier, traveller, author, missionary, and showman. Endowed with extraordinary facility for drawing, and with a keen sense for the dramatic scenes and incidents of life, and a strong appreciation of the theatrical, he has had the courage to rely on the force of his individuality, as well as in his own particular talent. The result is what might have been expected. Vast collections of vast pictures, and small ones, the biggest of them the most sensational, worst, and most

popular; and the smallest, less regarded but often finer, even when tested by a respectable standard.

It must not be supposed that a man so full of fire, cleverness, and ability would be content to paint pictures just for the fun of the thing. He has for many years painted "with a purpose" which has been made widely known for years past: the exposition of the horrors of war. That, of course, is thoroughly *à propos* just now, but it would be unjust to suppose—as might have been suspected in one gifted with the smartest instincts of the journalist—that this is something new to fit the talk of the moment, or to curry favour with his Emperor. M. Verestchagin is a thoroughly independent man. The story goes that he did not hesitate to ruffle the late Tsar by letting him see, through his pictures, what war really is like, even in the Russian army.

The artist is, perhaps, the most skilful of his class in Russia. He studied in Paris, and edited an art paper there that did not succeed. In 1863, and again in 1865, he visited the Caucasus and learned that country well. When war broke out in Turkestan in 1867, he accepted General Kaufmann's invitation to join the campaign, and distinguished himself by active military services. Two years later he showed in Paris a collection of pictures and drawings based on his experiences; and, in spite of technical faults of handling and colour, scored a great success. Again he went to Central Asia as far as the Chinese frontier, following the military operations and making sketches of what he saw. In 1870 he was painting in Munich; in 1873 exhibiting at the Crystal Palace his war-horror pictures; in 1874, after showing in St. Petersburg, he was journeying in the Himalayas; and in 1876, painting at Auteuil a series of pictures (several of which are to be challenged as to fact) as to the British conquest of India. When Russia declared war against Turkey, M. Verestchagin flew to serve with his countrymen; he was wounded, saw Osman surrender, crossed the Shipka, was present at Plevna, and acted as secretary during the peace preliminaries. Some of the pictures painted of this campaign he exhibited at South Kensington in 1874. Then Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Hamburg, Pesth, Moscow, London, and finally the American cities, were visited by the artist and his pictures, and the papers of the day have made the art, the adventures, and the personality of M. Verestchagin perhaps better known to the peoples he has favoured than almost any other foreign painter of the present day. His powerful individuality and imagination, his forceful character and ability in telling a story have won for him a popularity which he has known how to appreciate, and for which many a better painter might work in vain. At the Grafton Gallery he appears once more with a collection of pictures much inferior to those which we saw at the Grosvenor; there is little appearance of verisimilitude in this cycle of pictures supposed to represent Napoleon's Russian Campaign. Indeed, they defy criticism in respect of technique—while the memory of what Baron Gros and Meissonnier did makes the spectator regret the misplaced energy.

M. H. S.

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

"Is that a duke?" was once asked by a commercial traveller as a peer of high degree stepped from the railway carriage. "Why he just looks like one of us!" Simplicity both of life and demeanour is nowadays the characteristic of people of rank, only the *nouveaux riches* think it necessary to advertise themselves by ostentation. At weddings and funerals this trait can be most distinctly observed. The late Duke of Northumberland's funeral is a case in point. Strict orders were left by the deceased as to the plainness of the oak coffin, similar to the one used at the interment of his predecessors, as to the absence of floral tributes, and the limited number of the carriages following the hearse. In fact, had it not been that the obsequies took place in Westminster Abbey, scarcely a soul would have remarked the funeral. What an excellent lesson of rebuke to the vulgar love of show. A quiet, reverent procession, a few near and dear, a bare casket undecked by flowers, and the mortal remains of a great and powerful nobleman are laid peacefully to rest. One can imagine the fuss that would have been created at the death of a millionaire, the thousands of poor blossoms wasted and cankering, the plumes, the palls, the trappings of woe, and steppings of horses, the processions and all the paraphernalia possible to the gruesome fancy of the undertaker.

Specially do I think that the custom of floral wreaths has grown into an abuse. It is another incitement to show and expense, while the lovers of flowers must deprecate the wealth of beauty lavished to droop and moulder on a coffin. A few flowers reverently laid by relatives, a scattering of fragrant leaves, are fit and beautiful emblems, but the number of wreaths sent by acquaintances and indifferent people, who perhaps wish to advertise their intimacy with the deceased, simply cause trouble to the bereaved ones at a moment when grief rather than politeness ought to fill their minds.

The go-ahead American has done many things. He has also created a number of new employments for ladies of which our English women know nothing. In America many ladies live by dressing dolls on artistic principles, while the more commonplace workers find out some form of palatable food of which they make a speciality. Thus Mrs. G. bakes delicious home-made bread, Mrs. B. averages a pleasant little income with potato chips, Mrs. A. cooks crullers (whatever they may be), and Mrs. F. makes pickles, sweets, and preserves. Tradesmen keep these ladies' goods, which sell well and are much appreciated. One lady delivers laundry parcels, another keeps a refined bootblackening room for ladies, another sells butter, while lady-helps, charwomen, parlour-maids, menders and darners, all find a profitable living. The idea is admirably practical, and we commend it to the English distressed gentlewomen whose cry is that they can find nothing to do. The great thing is to have a speciality and to do that special thing well. Simple, homely duties are best done by refined women, who ought not to find it difficult to compete with the coarser and less careful worker.

Civilisation has done harm to one delightful member with which nature has provided us—I mean our feet. Mrs. Meynell has made some charming remarks on the subject. Probably, few of those who view the horrible, distorted pointed toes of the boots in the shop windows, or limping painfully along find a haven of happiness at the chiropodist's, ever reflect that our feet were originally as beautiful, as supple, as prehensile as our hands. Mrs. Meynell says:—"It is only the entirely unshod that have lively feet. The peasant's feet become as dramatic as his hands. It is the foot of high life that is prim, and never lifts a heel against its dull conditions, for it has forgotten liberty. It is always in bonds and inarticulate." Feet, she tells us, formerly "were blessed and bathed, they suffered, but they were friends with the earth; dew in grass in the morning, shallows at noon, gave them coolness." Poor feet, captives of civilisation, treading in broken boots among the poor, prisoned in Parisian *bottines* among the rich, who will ever deliver them and institute again the sandal, the real natural protector? Pity the tender, irregular, sensitive, living foot, which is so beautiful and so basely used!

Half the world does not know the law about letting furnished houses, even the house-agent himself frequently gives the wrong advice, and a vast amount of litigation is undertaken simply through ignorance of the necessary conditions. For instance, the agreement says, you let your house furnished as it stands, and yet nearly everyone removes something when the bargain is concluded. Favourite china, valuable cushions, a good piano, a costly writing-table. Some friends of mine removed some rare Dresden vases and were promptly summoned to put them back. Then you may not lock up a room, or more than two cupboards, or remove any furniture of which you have not given notice. How few women especially know anything of the law as regards these simple things, which seem to press so hardly on people when they are not understood.

There is a French room of the date of Louis XVI. filled and decorated with the furniture and ornaments of the period, to be seen in London. This French style, now so fashionable, is eminently unsuited to our mode of life, where the drawing-room is an apartment occupied by the family. These French *salons* were reserved for gala occasions, the decorations were excessive and a great deal of gilding formed part of the scheme. The very doors, to open *à deux vantaux*, were intended for the formal ushering in of company. The seats were ranged stiffly round the walls and a fair space left in the middle of the room. No small tables, finikin knick-knacks or photographs, and bits of silver were admissible. Let those who, desirous of being in the fashion, spend large sums on French furniture remember that it is the most expensive, the rarest to obtain genuine, and the least suited to London houses and small apartments. It can never be mixed with any other style, and necessitates a certain amount of preciseness and elaborate courtesy of manner.



## A Red Cross Knight

"It is really very kind of you," observed Sir John Furley, dryly, to the representative of *The Graphic*, "to come to me personally for details of my career, because one of the papers, I see, has based my claims to distinction on the fact that I invented a stretcher."

Such a misconception of the life work of the man who was one of the pioneers in England of medical aid to the wounded, who was under fire in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, in the Franco-German War, in the War of the Commune, in the Carlist War in Spain, and with the Montenegrins in the Russo-Turkish War, and who is the possessor of decorations for his services from half the nations in Europe—would, perhaps, have induced a less good-natured person than Sir John Furley to look askance upon the representatives of newspapers as a body. But in his case he was modestly willing to tell of anything in his career which might be of interest.

He was the Commissioner of the British National Aid Society

cost us half a crown—more, for three francs would hardly purchase a glass. There were no streams; and all the ditches were choked with the dead and wounded. I was saying to my old friend, Sir William MacCormac, the other day, 'Do you remember the well at Sedan?' He had forgotten for the moment, but he quickly remembered. It was almost our only well, and the water was daily growing worse; until we at last had to have it examined. At the bottom we found a dead Zouave. In Montenegro, six years later, when I was out as the Commissioner of the British Red Cross Society, we were in terrible straits with the wounded. Montenegro had no road, because the Montenegrins would not build them lest they should be for the benefit of the Turks, and the country was literally what its name implies, a black rock. We had to have twelve bearers for each wounded man, six to carry him, and six as a relief. After Nickzicks the wounded had a terrible time over the rough ground. Things were almost as bad in Spain during the Carlist War of 1874. After the battle of Estella the whole of the Madrid Army—not to put too fine a point on it—skedaddled, doctors, baggage trains, and all; and for twenty-four hours I was the only doctor in charge of all the wounded of the Government Army.

capture in the Pyrenees to Estella, and there, amid a miserable string of prisoners who were working on the fortifications of the town found one whom I identified as the man I was in search of. I managed at last to get into the foul prison where he had been flung, and where he had just managed to live for nearly six months of misery, covered with vermin, frozen, with no change of clothes, no chance of washing, and nothing much to eat beyond beans. After recognising him with great difficulty, I obtained permission from the Carlist Minister to take the prisoner to the headquarters of Don Carlos at Darango. We stayed two days for a rest at a convent, where I obtained some clothes for him, and then went on. It was evident that the unfortunate O'Donovan had been entirely forgotten, the general impression being that he had been condemned and shot months before. But in spite of this, and though I obtained a personal interview with Don Carlos, they were by no means ready to let him go. They were, perhaps, annoyed to find an inconvenient question arising again. It was quickly settled, however, the approach of the Government Army. Don Carlos, his Minister, and his army retreated, and we were left by the receding tide. I also availed myself of this opportunity for a strategic movement.



DRAWN BY WAL PAGET

The Ambulance Corps of the German Army has trained dogs to assist in finding the wounded, after an engagement, in covered ground, or at night. The dog used is a kind of sheepdog, which has a very keen scent. Strapped round his body, and marked with the Red Cross, are two pouches containing restoratives. The dogs are trained to allow the wounded to take the pouches from them. At night they carry a lantern on their

backs to guide the ambulance men to the wounded. When they reach a wounded man the dogs bark, and if they fail to attract attention, they run back and fetch the ambulance men. Another kind of dog is used for drawing a litter which will carry two men.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HAYES

### A NOVEL USE FOR DOGS IN WAR: SEARCHING FOR WOUNDED AT NIGHT

throughout the whole of the Franco-German War; and in nearly every engagement the little field hospital under his direction was under fire. Round his study are a number of four and six and twelve-pounder shells, made into inkstands; and clocks and barometers. They are mementoes of battles. One came from the battle of Estella in the Carlist War, two from the siege of Paris, one from Gravelotte. "This one is the most curious of them," observed Sir John Furley, taking up the Gravelotte shell. "It burst near to us as we were dressing wounds. 'That's rather too near to be pleasant,' I said at the time, picking up one of the pieces of shell; and afterwards some of my friends collected all the pieces of the missile, and, fitting them together, had them bound with wire so as to form the complete shell as you see it here. Here is another thing," he continued, "which is very interesting to me, though it may not interest you. It is a leaf I plucked from a tree at Saarbrück, where the first shot of the war was fired. Under the tree stood the Emperor and staff, and it was here that the young Prince had his 'baptism of fire.'"

"I suppose the provision for aid to the wounded has improved greatly since those days?"

"Immeasurably. At Gravelotte after the battle a glass of water

"Had you not something to do with obtaining the release of Mr. O'Donovan, the war correspondent?"

"Yes," admitted Sir John Furley. "The circumstances were rather curious. Poor O'Donovan—*nil nisi bonum*—but he was a singular fellow, singularly reckless; and by some means or other he had contrived to spread among the Carlists the idea that he was going to poison Don Carlos. So he disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him. The British Consul at Bayonne asked if I could find out where he was a prisoner, for the British Ambassador, Sir A. H. Layard, could do nothing without recognising Don Carlos. So, as I was well known on both sides I volunteered to do what I could. I first went to see Donna Margherita di Carlos, who was staying at Pau, and having first interested her in details of hospital work, asked her bluntly if she could give me a letter to help me to find him and get him away. I assured her that nothing was more wildly improbable than the sinister designs attributed to O'Donovan, and at last she consented. 'Well,' she said, 'I almost hope you won't find any trace of him, for I believe he's shot; and if it is found that we shot him the scandal will ring through Europe.'"

"However, I set out and traced O'Donovan from the place of his

the rear, and travelling night and day never rested until O'Donovan and myself were on French soil. Poor O'Donovan; he was bound to get killed some day. He died with Hicks Pasha."

Sir John Furley had many other interesting experiences to tell of work with which he was connected in France during the time of stress and trial which followed 1870. The French nation recognised his worth, and gave him the Cross of Officer of the Legion of Honour, in recognition not only of his work during the Franco-German War, but of his conduct after the storming of the Bastille of Neuilly by the Versailles troops, when he and a French doctor carried the wounded across the bridge in face of a hot fire. Sir John Furley would be the last man to describe this action as heroic, but the French people did not hesitate to do so, nor need he flatter his countrymen. The least the present writer can do is to catalogue his honours, which are as follow:—Officer of the Legion of Honour, Commander of Isabella the Catholic (Spain), Gold Cross of the Daneborg (Denmark), Commander of Danilo (Montenegro), and decorations from Russia, Bavaria, Prussia, and Saxony. He was one of the original organisers of the St. John Ambulance Association in 1887, and for fifteen years he devoted himself to the work almost without intermission.





SIR JOHN FURLEY, ONE OF THE EARLIEST ORGANISERS OF THE RED CROSS MOVEMENT, RECENTLY KNIGHTED

DRAWN AT A SPECIAL SITTING BY SYDNEY P. HALL



## Royalty at Home and Abroad

A SUCCESSION of visitors gives the Royal circle at Osborne plenty of variety. The important guest of the week has been the President of Costa Rica, who was received by the Queen with considerable ceremony. A Royal yacht brought Señor Yglesias across from Portsmouth, and he lunched at Osborne. Another day Her Majesty knighted half a dozen gentlemen, while a further investiture takes place to-day (Saturday). Her Majesty gave a large party at Osborne on Monday night, the guests being residents in the neighbourhood. They were entertained by a concert in the beautiful Indian Room, where Miss Clara Butt sang and the Queen's private band played. After the concert Her Majesty received her guests in the drawing-room, and supper completed the programme. Princess Christian and her daughter are spending this week at Osborne to be with the Queen and Princess Beatrice on the third anniversary of Prince Henry of Battenberg's death yesterday (Friday). A memorial service was arranged in Whippingham Church, where several additions have lately been made to the chapel containing the Prince's remains. An exquisitely worked sword is now fixed on the Prince's tomb, while below the metal screen of the chapel is placed a brass tablet bearing the following inscription in facsimile of the Queen's handwriting:—"This screen is erected to the dear memory of her beloved son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, by Victoria, R.I. 1897."

January is generally a slack month so far as Court functions in town are concerned, but the dates of Levées and Drawing Rooms are now being fixed for the next month or two. As usual, a Levée opens the series, to be held by the Prince of Wales about February 16, and, as he will be going abroad later, the Duke of York will preside at the next. Then will come the Duke of Connaught's turn to hold a Levée on his return from Egypt. There will be two Drawing Rooms before the Queen goes to Cimiez—on February 24 and March 3—and it is possible that Her Majesty may appear at one of these for her annual reception of the Diplomatic Corps. The Princess of Wales's mourning for her mother may prevent her from attending any Court ceremony before Easter, so it is very likely that Princess Christian will represent the Queen at these early Drawing Rooms.

The Prince of Wales rejoined his wife and daughter at Sandringham on Saturday after a busy morning in town. He went early to Victoria Station to wish the Empress Frederick good-bye, then he presided at a meeting of the British Museum Trustees, and subsequently he was the first visitor at the Verestchagin Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. The Prince has always greatly admired the Russian artist's works, and signed his name as a subscriber for photographs of the pictures of Napoleon in Russia. Saturday being the seventh anniversary of the death of the Duke of Clarence, the Prince and Princess sent a lovely cross of arum lilies, hyacinths, and rare white blossoms to be placed on his tomb in the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor. The Duke and Duchess of York came up to Sandringham House to see the Prince of Wales on his arrival, and the whole party attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church next day. The Duke and Duchess of York are going to Portsmouth at the end of next month to open the Jubilee Memorial Wing of the Royal Portsmouth and Gosport Hospital.

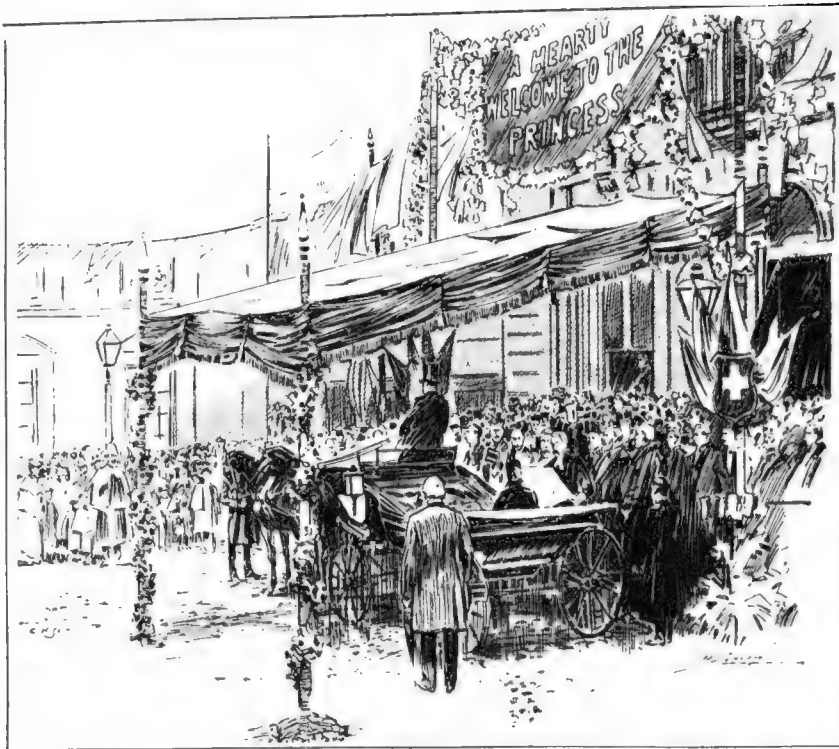
The rough weather in the Channel last week kept the Empress Frederick in London two days longer than she had intended. Her Majesty did not leave till Saturday morning, when she travelled direct to Bordighera. Another of our Princesses has also gone abroad—the Duchess of Albany to her favourite Cannes.

Young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland does not forget her connection with England through her aunt, the Duchess of Albany. She will be present at a grand ball to be given by the British Minister at The Hague, Sir Henry Howard, on February 1.

The Berlin Court is enjoying a perfect whirl of gaiety. Festivities began with the annual Coronation and Decorations Festival on Sunday, the grand chapter of the Black Eagle followed on Tuesday, while on Wednesday the Emperor and Empress held the great Drawing Room of the year. This last function is much looked forward to by all German girls with any claim to *entrée* at Court,

as all presentations for the year are made on this occasion. Next week there will be a Court Ball, and the celebration of Emperor William's fortieth birthday. Several other balls follow before Lent. Indeed the Berlin Court is gay at all for the carnival, as the Viennese Court is still in mourning, while in Russia there will be little going on, owing to the Empress being obliged to keep specially quiet just now.

Last week Princess Henry of Battenberg visited the ancient town of Romsey, for the purpose of opening a Nursing Home, which has been built in commemoration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, and of inspecting the old Abbey. The Princess, accompanied by the Hon. Miss Cochrane and Colonel Clarke, was met at the station by the Mayor and Mayoress (the Right Hon. Evelyn and Lady Alice Ashley) and by Mr. B. Montgomery, who then preceded the Royal carriage through the town to the market place, which had been most prettily decorated, and where the Princess listened to a brief address from the Mayor and Corporation at the entrance to the Town Hall. With the Corporation were the Vicar of Romsey, the Rev. J. Cooke Yarborough, the ex-Vicar, the Rev. E. L. B. Berthon, and others. Opposite the Hall was stationed a guard of honour, furnished by the 1st Hants R.V., under the command of Major Mortimer. After the presentation of the address the Princess drove on to open the Nursing Home, which is situated just on the outskirts of the town. Here there was



DRAWN BY J. DUNCAN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. H. ORAM

PRINCESS BEATRICE RECEIVING THE ADDRESS FROM THE CORPORATION

a brief ceremony, the Princess declaring the home open and listening to a report of its objects, which was read by Mr. Basil Montgomery, who has been the chief mover in founding the institution. After some purses had been presented, the Princess drove on to lunch at Stanbridge Hall, the residence of Mr. Basil Montgomery. In the afternoon, after planting a tree in the grounds at Stanbridge, the Princess proceeded to the Abbey, where a very hearty welcome awaited her. The great door was kept by a guard of honour of the Church Lads' Brigade, while within the clergy and church officers were awaiting her arrival. The Princess then proceeded round the Abbey, its various beauties being shown her by the Vicar, ex-Vicar, and Mayor. The ex-Vicar, having for thirty years laboured upon the restoration of the Abbey, much interested the Princess by his description of what has been done. A good deal is still required to complete the restoration of the Abbey, and a fund has been for the last year in process of formation with that object. The Princess, after inscribing her name in the visitors' book, left the Abbey, the churchwardens, sidesmen, and others were presented to her, and she then drove on to Broadlands, where Lady Alice Ashley entertained her for the rest of the afternoon.

## An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

It is officially stated that the designs made by the late Albert Moore for mosaic panels in the Central Lobby of the House of Parliament are to be proceeded with. These are the coloured cartoons which he prepared so long ago as 1869, and which have since been on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. They are the companions of Sir Edward Poynter's "St. George and the Dragon"—which lights up so beautifully at night—and "St. David," which was not carried out at the same time, but which is not less decorative than the other. Albert Moore's designs in water-colour represent "St. Andrew" and "St. Patrick," but, admirable as they are, they cannot be held, in my opinion, to harmonise entirely well with those of the President. The latter was inspired by Renaissance feeling; Moore by classic; and what may be called the predella are on a different plan. The grouping of the three figures is in each case less impressive; the two Saints stand no higher than the companion Virtues, while, as if to emphasize the distinction, the very inscriptions are in Latin. St. Patrick, it may be remarked, is flanked by "Caritas" and "Fides," and St. Andrew by "Fides" and "Fortitudo."

The announcement that an exhibition of the works of Vandyck is next year to follow in Amsterdam the successful collection of Rembrandt's works is an extremely interesting one. But it may be doubted how far such a show can be complete. Roughly speaking, Vandyck painted about 700 pictures; of these about 370, or half, are in England. It may be computed that the rest are distributed as follows: Germany, 125; Austria, 70; Italy, 45; Russia, 40; France, 35; Belgium, 30; Spain, 20; Holland, 15; Sweden, 10. How, then, is Holland to make a good exhibition? The occasion is not so important as that which charmed the Rembrandt treasures from English collections into crossing the water; there is no coronation this year; Vandyck was not a Dutchman, and Holland has not shown herself particularly ready to return to our Royal Academy the courtesy that England showed to her. At the same time such an exhibition is devoutly to be wished; if only that it might induce the Academy, as in the case of Rembrandt, to cap it for the good of the people of London. In other quarters it has been proposed that the next Old Masters' Exhibition should comprise the works of Velasquez; but it is not said whence these are to come. It is doubtful if there will be enough pictures by the master to fill the Guildhall Gallery next year.

An agitation is afoot to secure for the nation an example of the work of Burne-Jones. In consequence of the extremely high prices for his works which just now rule the market, but which are hardly likely to be permanently maintained, the moment hardly seems propitious. On the other hand, save for the beautiful water-colour in the South Kensington Museum, London possesses not any work by the master that might be considered representative. The *Times* has strongly urged the acquisition of the "Arthur in Avalon." But to me there appear several objections to the selection. The picture is unfinished, it does not represent the painter at his best, it belongs to no particular period of his career (having been begun in 1880 and worked upon, with constant change, until his death), and gives little hint of that magic charm of fancy and colour that distinguished Burne-Jones at his best. Failing "King Cophetua," the "Chant d'Amour," "The Milkmaid," and the "Laus Veneris," I should rather hail the purchase of "The Beguiling of Merlin," or even better still, of "The Hours" (the property of the Trustees of the late Mr. F. Austen), or even of the exquisite "Green Summer," which, executed in 1864, is as fine and beautiful as anything he ever produced in water-colour, and which is, I believe, not entirely inaccessible at the present time. But it should go to the Tate Gallery, not to South Kensington.



THE MIDDLE BRIDGE



THE MARKET PLACE



ROMSEY ABBEY

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG TO ROMSEY



## The Advance of Technical Education

By SIR JOSHUA FITCH

THE opening of the new Technical School at Derby is a significant fact, and is well calculated to invite public attention to the remarkable progress which has been made in recent years towards a better provision of the means of "technical" instruction in this country. The word is comparatively new in our educational history, but it may be taken to mean that kind of training which has a direct bearing on skilled industry, and which consists partly of exercises in handicraft, and partly of such studies as make the worker acquainted with the sciences most closely related to his art, with the nature of the substances he handles, and of the natural forces which he employs. Training of this special kind has long been held in high esteem in other countries. In France, the *Ecoles Professionnelles*, the *Ecoles des Arts et des Métiers*, in Germany and Switzerland the special attention to *hand arbeit* in the popular schools, and in America the Technological Institute, have familiarised the public of those countries with the importance of hand and eye training. English people have become rather slowly awakened to the discovery that they were at a disadvantage in the markets of the world owing to the want of specific instruction in the branches of knowledge most nearly allied to manufacture and industry. Something was done by the Education Department in 1881, when, for the first time, the simple manual employments devised by Froebel were recognised as integral parts of the school course for young children. More was effected by the Science and Art Department as it gradually expanded its system so as to include among the subjects for which grants were made various forms of practical science and manual occupations. But the chief stimulus to improved technical instruction has been due to the initiative of Parliament, and to the legislation of the last ten years.

The Technical Instruction Act of 1889 empowered local authorities in counties and boroughs to levy a rate not exceeding a penny in the pound. The Act defines technical instruction as including "the principles of science and art applicable to industries, and the application of special branches of science and art to particular industries or employments." It may be held also to include modern languages and commercial and agricultural subjects, but does not contemplate actual apprenticeship or the practice of any particular trade. Mr. Bryce's City Parochial Charities Act of 1883 set free a large sum hitherto applied to obsolete and useless charity funds in London, and rendered it available for the establishment of Polytechnics in the suburbs. Nearly 150,000*l.* was expended for this purpose, and a further sum is available for annual maintenance. In 1890 the Excise Act appropriated a large sum derived from spirit licences to the promotion of technical instruction. About 800,000*l.* a year has been thus entrusted to County Councils throughout England, and distributed in proportion to the several populations, the share allotted to the metropolitan district being 185,000*l.* To these resources it should be added that the City Guilds of London have not only made large grants from their corporate revenues for the establishment and equipment of the great Technical Institute in South Kensington and the Finsbury Institute, but have also, in many cases, notably in that of the Clothworkers' Company, by its grants to the College of Science at Leeds, done much to give a scientific character to local industries at a distance from the metropolis.

The result of all these movements has been eminently satisfactory. The latest returns show that forty-six out of the sixty-one County Boroughs in England now maintain technical institutions of different types, and have for the most part erected and equipped costly laboratories—chemical, physical, electrical, or otherwise specially adapted to the industry of the district. A capital sum of no less than 1,259,032*l.* has been thus expended, and apart from the funds dispensed under the provisions of the Excise Act, 18,713*l.* is voluntarily raised by rates. In rural districts many useful and promising experiments have been tried with a view to resuscitate declining industries, and to introduce systematic and scientific teaching into various local crafts. Numerous scholarships have been established to enable scholars of promise to proceed from the public elementary schools to technical colleges, and in all parts of the country keen interest has been aroused in the subject. The number of highly qualified instructors, as well as of learners, increases annually. Some of the funds at the disposal of the County and Borough Councils are appropriated to the payment of additional science teachers, in grammar and other secondary schools, and others are expended on the purchase of suitable apparatus. For girls large provision has been made with a view to the teaching of domestic economy in all its forms. No data are accessible on which we can compute the total number of scholars in evening continuation and other schools of the young artisans and apprentices, or the advanced students who are looking forward to becoming heads of firms, directors of works, and captains of industry, and all of whom, in different parts of the country, have been brought within the influence of the technical education movement. It may suffice here to say that in one session last year 42,155 artisan students received instruction in the technological classes registered by the City and Guilds' Institute, in addition to 2,091 students who had been enrolled in the manual training classes. At the last distribution of certificates by Sir John Gorst, in London, there were awarded by the Technical Board of the County Council five Senior County Scholarships, seventy-nine Intermediate County Scholarships, 329 Junior County Scholarships, 150 Art Scholarships and Exhibitions, 200 Domestic Economy Scholarships, four Domestic Training Scholarships, three Swanley Horticultural Scholarships, and five in Practical Gardening. The examinations for these prizes are designed to give a fair chance to different aptitudes, and include among others such varied subjects as workshop arithmetic, mechanical engineering and metal work, mineralogy, machine drawing, chemistry, building construction, decorative work, and land surveying.

The whole movement is yet in an early and experimental stage. That it will have ere long a visible and potent influence on the character of our arts and crafts, on the aims and ideals of the workers, on the standard of excellence recognised by employers, and on the industrial wealth and prosperity of the country, cannot be doubted. Yet there are many parts of the problem which remain unsolved. Teachers and employers are not yet agreed about the relation in which general intellectual cultivation stands to the special qualifications on which success in trade depends. What kind of previous knowledge and discipline is needed before it is wise to teach any of the bread-winning arts? What are the most effective methods of giving instruction in those arts? What is the kind of knowledge or character which the employers of labour value most? These and many kindred questions yet await the result of more careful observation and longer experience. And every new institution, such as that now opened under such favourable auspices at Derby, will, it may be hoped, contribute something to solve these questions.

## The Late Nubar Pasha

By the death of Nubar Pasha last Saturday, Egypt lost the best statesman she has had in modern times. Nubar was Armenian by extraction, and was born in January, 1825. At an early age he was taken to Europe, and was educated in Switzerland and in France. Settling in Egypt at the age of seventeen he became private secretary to Bogos Bey, Minister of Commerce, his relative. Afterwards he was private secretary successively to Mehemet Ali, Ibrahim Pasha, and to Abbas Pasha. In 1850 he came to London on a special mission, and was subsequently made Minister to Vienna. On



THE LATE NUBAR PASHA  
Egypt's Greatest State-man

the accession of Ismail he was, though a Christian, created a Pasha. As Minister of Public Works he did good service, and in 1866, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, he obtained for his master the title of Khedive. In 1878 he became Prime Minister, and accepted Sir C. Rivers Wilson and M. De Blignieres as colleagues in the Cabinet. When Ismail was deposed, Nubar left Egypt for a time, but later became Prime Minister again, resigning in 1888. For six years he remained in retirement, but in 1894 he again became Premier. He then set himself to strengthen the British influence in Egypt, and to remove the strain between the Khedive and the British, recognising that an "independent Egypt" was a dream that could not be realised. He resigned in 1895, after fifty-three years spent in public service. Sir Alfred Milner, in his book "England in Egypt," describes Nubar as a man of great talents, thorough culture, and liberal sympathies.



The new Municipal Technical College, opened at Derby this week by the Duke of Devonshire, has a frontage of some 200 feet, but covers a far greater area than this would indicate. The original building was commenced in 1876, but as soon as the Technical Education Act came into operation the present extensions were commenced by the Town Council. The cost of the latest extensions is over 30,000*l.*, and this has been defrayed by the Corporation. There is accommodation for over 1,500 students.

TECHNICAL COLLEGE AT DERBY OPENED BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE  
From a Photograph by F. J. Boyes, Derby

## Court and Club

By "MARMADUKE"

THE portrait which Mr. Lecky has drawn of the late Mr. Gladstone, in the preface to the new edition of "Democracy and Liberty," has attracted general attention, and has furnished matter for discussion in almost every political drawing-room and club in the West End. Mr. Gladstone was personally known to far more people than was Lord Beaconsfield or is Lord Salisbury, and his features and his expression have not yet become dimmed in the memory of those who were acquainted with him. His face was a leonine face, but the eyes were not those of the lion, but resembled more those of the eagle. Pugnacity was the quality which the face chiefly expressed—pugnacity dignified by gravity.

When engaged in conversation, however, the expression of the eyes softened greatly, but the gravity of the features scarcely relaxed. It was a magnificent face, but not a pleasing one. No doubt age, continual strife, and anxiety were answerable for many of the harder features. The late Lord Beaconsfield, towards the end of his career, was one of the ugliest men of the period, but when in conversation and amiably disposed, his face lit up marvellously, and the expression became at such times particularly attractive. Strangely enough, both statesmen, when walking in the streets, had a strange, furtive, frightened look.

In society Lord Beaconsfield was at far less pains to create a pleasant impression than was Mr. Gladstone. This, of course, refers to the later days in the career of both. Lord Beaconsfield, for instance, when dining out, would remain silent for long periods, and when addressed by a neighbour would often by his reply discourage the development of the subject. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, might be said to take a subject seriously, and to exhaust it not only in the main but even the multitude of side issues. To criticise two such men from the social point of view it would be permissible to assert that Lord Beaconsfield had a quick intelligence trained by experience of the world, whilst Mr. Gladstone possessed that which might be described as "ecclesiastical intelligence" very highly developed.

Mr. Choate, the newly appointed United States Ambassador to Great Britain, should be a great addition to the dining-out world of London, especially to that curious element which frequents public banquets, for he is reported to be a good conversationalist and an admirably ready orator. He comes of a stock which has accumulated distinction in both directions. One of that stock was the celebrated Rufus Choate, a man who manipulated words with remarkable ability and framed phrases which have become famous. It was he who described the condition of the States in the memorable sentence:—"There is a State without a King or nobles, there is a Church without a bishop, there is a people governed by grave magistrates which it has selected, and by equal laws which it has framed."

Attention was called last week in this column to the custom which renders it obligatory upon the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington to present miniature flags annually to the Sovereign. The paragraph has elicited several explanations from readers of *The Graphic*. A barrister writes:—"The custom of sending flags to Windsor on the anniversary of Blenheim and Waterloo by the representatives of the great Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington is an interesting survival of feudal times, rendered legally possible by the fact that the Act for the abolition of feudal tenures expressly retained the honorary services of Grand Serjeanty."

"The Duke of Marlborough, by his tenure, is bound to send on the second of August in every year, to the Castle of Windsor, one standard of colours with flower-de-luce painted thereupon. The service of the Duke of Wellington consists in the annual rendering to the Sovereign of a flag bearing the Royal arms of Great Britain and Ireland on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo."

Another reader writes:—"Baron de Ros holds his ancient honour with a condition that he should present to his Sovereign a red rose on the feast of St. George. The ancient custom is not quite in abeyance, as Lieut.-General Lord de Ros—Equerry to the Queen in 1868-74—tendered to Her Majesty his ancient patent as duly appointed with the graceful tribute of a red rose." The courtesy of my correspondents requires to be acknowledged.

Is there any reasonable purpose to be served by maintaining antiquated and insufficient gas lamps throughout the West End streets, whilst electric lighting flourishes side by side with this in almost every private house or public establishment? Can any excuse be offered for the pavement throughout London being worn into holes which harbour pools of water when it rains? Is there any just cause for the roadway being covered with a full inch of slime in rainy weather and well-pulverised dirt when it is fine? These discomforts do not exist in the other capitals of Europe—why should they do so in London? Cannot the vestries so arrange matters that the dust-carts should not ply their unpleasant business in those hours when the streets are most frequented? Dimness, dust and dirt are three elements which could easily be diminished in unlovely London.





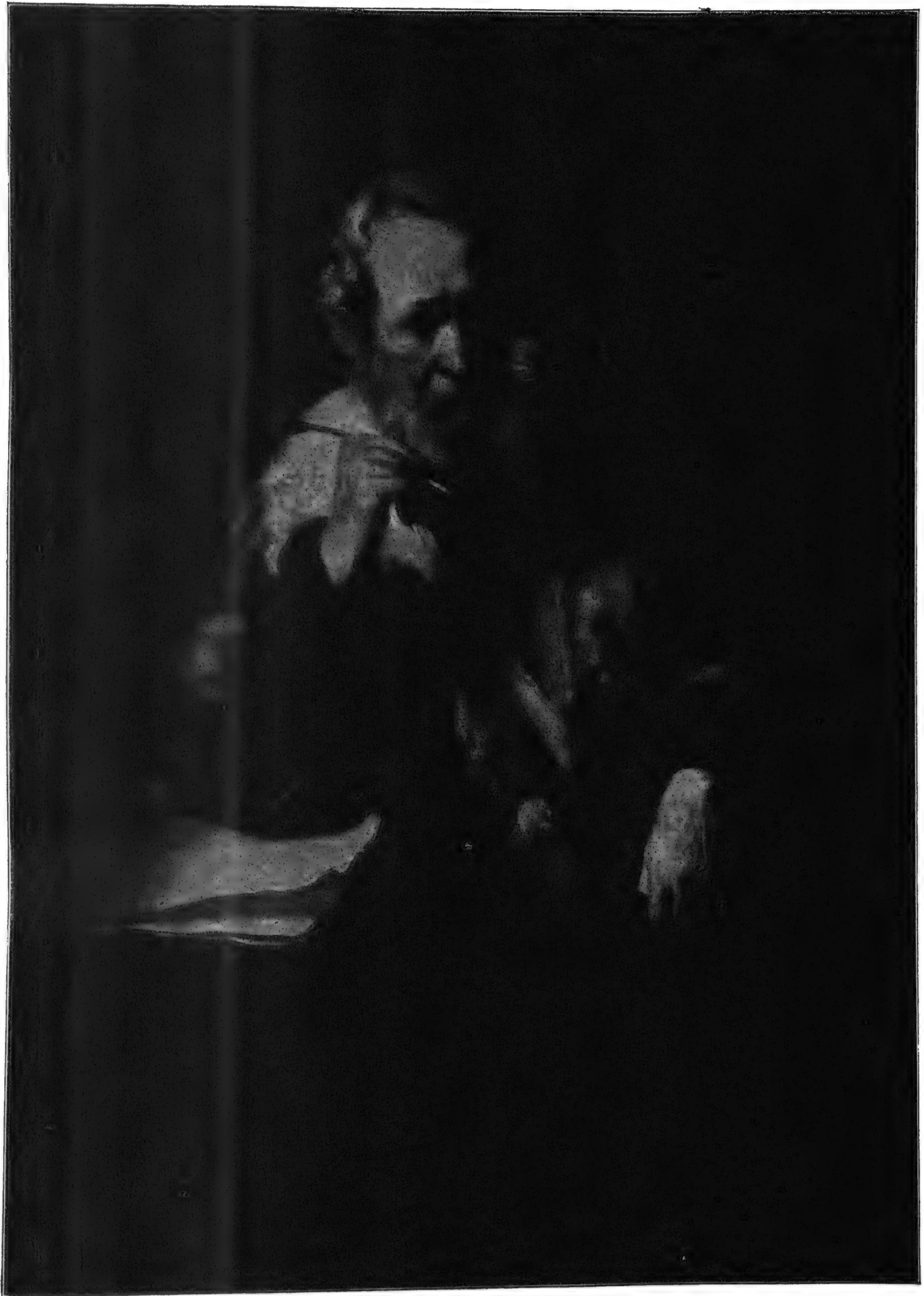
FROM A SKETCH BY H. EGENDORFER

Boers coming to Pretoria make it a point to see the President, and bring the most trivial grievances before him. They are treated to coffee, for which the Transvaal Government allows 300l. a year

PRESIDENT KRUGER RECEIVING VISITORS ON THE VERANDAH AT THE PRESIDENCY, PRETORIA

DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP

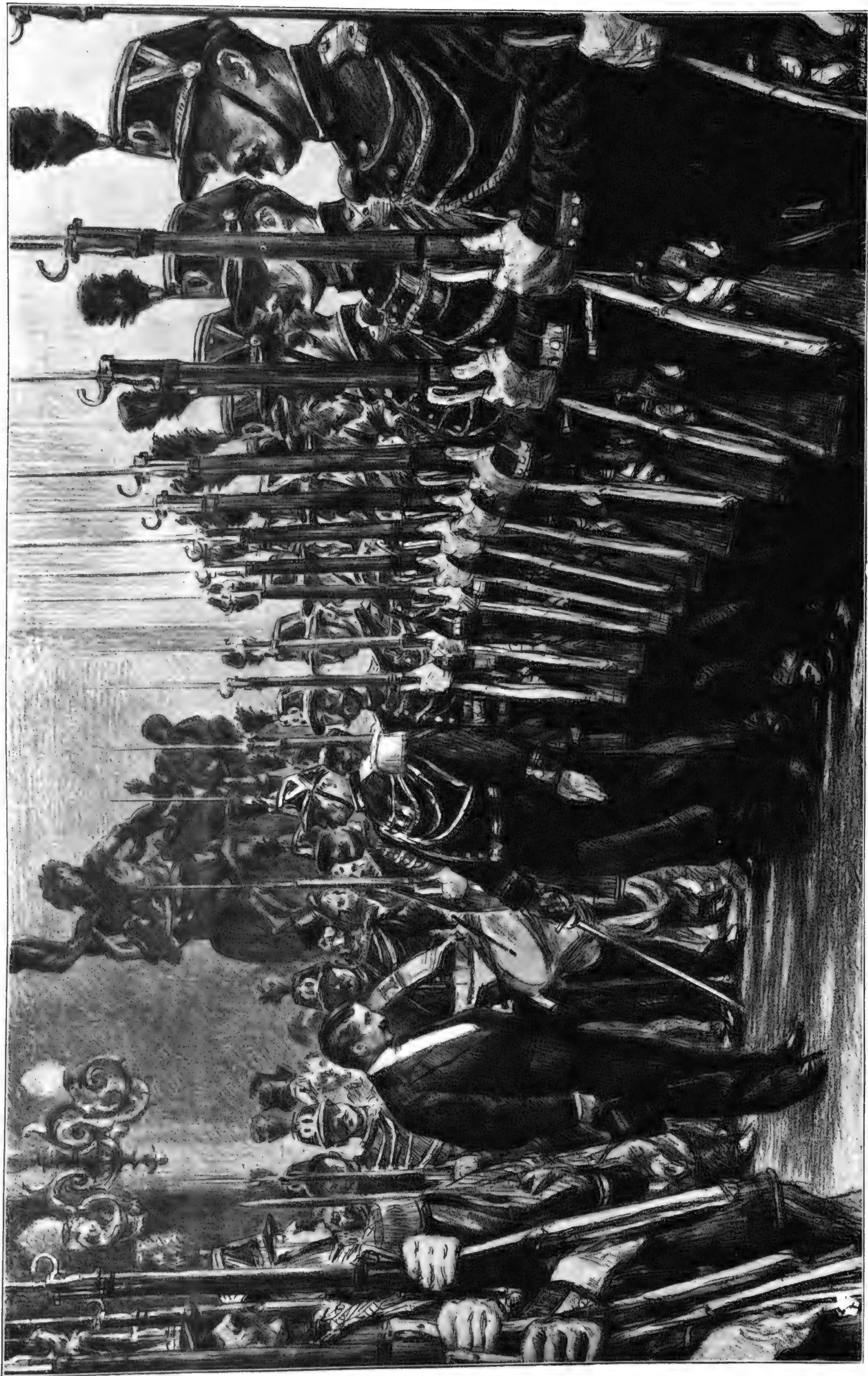




BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

"PORTRAIT OF AN ARCHITECT"  
FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT IN THE GALLERY AT CASSEL





THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY: THE GUARDS SALUTING THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER  
M. DESCHANEL CROSSING THE GALLERY BETWEEN HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AND THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



## Paul Kruger

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITE MAN'S AFRICA"

THE President of the South African Republic is indeed a grand old savage from one point of view and a noble statesman from another. He is theoretically the first citizen of the most democratic community, yet in practice he surrounds himself with tawdry splendour that would shock many a crowned head of Europe. The violent contrasts of political theory and practice in the Transvaal are baffling to such of us as desire to faithfully describe the actual state of things in that country, and if it is puzzling to the disinterested observer, how much more must it be to those whose interest forces them to see one side only?

Paul Kruger spent all his early years in an ox-wagon, with scarcely more opportunities for self-improvement than the Kaffirs with whom he contested the right to the soil. He and his fellows, dearly as they loved Old Testament teaching, and fiercely as they fought for the right to govern themselves in their own peculiar way, spent all their youth and a large part of their manhood without ever seeing a church, a clergyman, a justice of the peace, or any token of the great progressive world other than an occasional keg

with long-haired, full-bearded and stolid-featured fellow-burghers, who reminded me partly of Russian priests, partly of Californian miners, and partly of certain alleged portraits of the Apostles. I feared that I had unwittingly interrupted a Cabinet meeting, but later it turned out that this was Mr. Kruger's usual "at home," when all burghers passing through Pretoria made it their business to resolve themselves into individual committees of one, and lay before their President any grievance or criticism they might think fit. When the President is not at his office he delights in nothing so much as entertaining his countrymen with coffee, tobacco, and political proverbs. He harangues his visitors with the voice of a bull in distress, and they like it. He governs by personal contact and spoken parables, and it is his boast that he knows personally every citizen of his Republic.

We step from this room, with its flavour of primitive democracy, its door opened to every passer-by, where not even a black servant girl can be found to announce the stranger's arrival, out into the open, and there we find more military and police protection at hand than is demanded by the King of Denmark or the President of the United States. An encampment of troopers occupied the vacant space in front of Mr. Kruger's house on the occasion of my visit, and two sentinels guarded his little modern garden gate. I

## "Portrait of an Architect," by Rembrandt

We here retain the title bestowed upon this famous picture by the Berlin Photographic Company, as through its admirable photographs and photogravures of the Cassel Gallery the name is likely to become that by which it is likely to become known by the general public. But in point of fact it has hitherto been called, in English, "Portrait of a Mathematician," and in French, "Portrait d'un Géomètre"—for the identity of the grave and handsome sitter has never been discovered, as is the case with so many of Rembrandt's most celebrated and most superb canvases.

The Museum of Cassel possesses no fewer than seventeen pictures, some of the highest importance, and of these the "Portrait of an Architect" is among the finest, alike as regards portraiture and character, light and colour. The picture, it is true, bears a forged signature; but that is a fact without significance, as it was almost a custom in days gone by, when a signature was becoming obliterated through injudicious cleaning or other mischance, to paint it over again, or even to supply a signature, as a mere matter of record, to those pictures which, not bearing the autograph of the master, was yet undoubtedly from his hand. Indeed, there is another example of the same circumstance in this very gallery. This picture belongs to the year 1656—the terrible year of Rembrandt's life, when the artist, declared bankrupt, sold



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHOLTO DOUGLAS

Oysters would seem to be by no means a luxury in Pondoland. Our correspondent says these picture-que natives brought him fifty-eight dozen in baskets, and were quite content with two shillings and ninepence for the lot—not much more than a halfpenny a dozen.

## A CHEAP OYSTER FEAST: A BARGAIN IN PONDOLAND

of gunpowder, and perhaps a Dutch Bible. It is with something like a wrench to our thinking powers, that we look upon the leaders of Boer public opinion and recall the fact that the great events which mark the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, the great discoveries in electricity and steam machinery, the great political struggles which have culminated in improved economic and social conditions throughout the civilized world, that all these marks of marvellous progress affected Paul Kruger's fellow-citizens no more than they did the Kaffirs about them, or the North American Red Indian.

When, therefore, we find as Chief Magistrate of so rich a country as the Transvaal a man whose life and education can be compared only with that of a cowboy or teamster of New Mexico in the days before the railway, we are apt to forget that with this rough exterior and illiteracy are joined qualities which, if they do not produce enlightened statesmanship, at least make a political leader suited to the class of men over whom he exercises more than regal rule.

When I first had the honour of meeting this anachronistic phenomenon he was drinking coffee and throwing out from his big pipe a cloud of strong tobacco smoke, but a still stronger volume of violent language, emphasized by the thumping of his massive fist upon the table. The room in which he received was crowded

attempted to take a photograph of this interesting dwelling, but was rudely ordered away by the sentinel. It was a Boer who took me to the President; as an alien I would have been treated by the officials of Pretoria with no more courtesy than was shown me by the sentry at the President's gateway. When next I saw Paul Kruger he was driving to the legislative building in a pompous carriage of European manufacture, on the box of which sat a coachman in a weird livery calculated to impress the Kaffirs if no one else.

Round about this exotic turn-out trotted six troopers with an officer at their head, a larger display of military show or police protection than has ever been demanded by the German Emperor or any other constitutional ruler of to-day. In the midst sat the patriarchal President with a stove-pipe hat on his head—such a hat as could nowhere else be matched save in the domestic factories of Japan or on the minstrel stage. Across his breast was the broad ribbon of some aristocratic order, and republican principles were still further scandalised by medals and orders hung about him, testifying to his good personal relations with Portugal and Germany—the other countries I forget. The monstrous anachronism of Paul Kruger would afford amusement were its consequences less injurious to the economic development of South Africa.

up, without home or property, or anything he could call his own, without even hope of re-instatement in the position he had so long enjoyed, might well have despaired and sunk beneath his troubles from the neglect he might have foreseen, into an unhonoured grave. Yet the contrary was the case. His misfortunes reanimated his courage and inspired his hand, and at this time he actually executed many of his most superb performances. In this very year not fewer than fourteen canvases came from his brush, and these included "The Lesson in Anatomy," "Burgomaster Six" (not that at present in the Royal Academy), and other fine compositions, while he had on the easel the exquisite and magnificent "Adoration of the Three Kings." Indeed, it would be fair to compare the courage and equanimity with which Rembrandt faced his cruel fate with those which Sir Walter Scott displayed in the face of crushing disaster, for these saddest moments of his life have almost become consecrated into a bright martyrdom—not wholly, it must be admitted, undeserved.

In this life-sized work (which in the Inventory of 1749 is numbered 226) we admire not only the dignity and grace of pose of the sitter but the fair transparency of the colour. The old man, with his soft grey, white beard, and hair that forms a sort of aureole about his brow, holds in one hand a pen and in the other a square. He is clad in a reddish gown trimmed with fur, and is evidently absorbed in the problem he is working out, and which, it is clear, he is on the very point of solving.

## Music of the Week

### RETURN OF HERR MÜHLFELD

HERR MÜHLFELD has returned to us after a considerable absence, and both on Saturday at the Popular Concert and on Monday at the first of Mr. Borwick's recitals he attracted enormous audiences. Concert managers seem to labour under the impression that music should be suspended during the pantomime season, and accordingly January of the present year is a more than usually slack time for concerts. The large audiences drawn by Herr Mühlfeld and also to the Ballad Concerts (at Queen's Hall), however, prove conclusively that there is always a public in this great Metropolis for anything worth listening to. Herr Mühlfeld, down to date, has limited his programmes mainly to the music of Brahms and his protégés. On Saturday, for example, he, in association with Lady Hallé, Messrs. Inwards, Gibson and Paul Ludwig, gave a truly magnificent performance of the quintet in B minor, specially written by Brahms for this great clarionet player, and first introduced by him to London in 1892. The quintet is now comparatively well known, and its beauties at any rate are thoroughly appreciated. The fact that the clarionet somewhat dominated its companions was, it is said, as Brahms himself intended. On the other hand, so far as a wind and a stringed instrument possibly could do so, the piano and clarionet blended effectively in Weber's once famous Duo Concertante in E flat, some years ago one of the most popular items in the repertory

opera, Wallace's *Maritana*, will be given. Now, however, that Mr. Hamish McCunn has definitely accepted the appointment of "director of the music" we may fairly expect a more enterprising policy. Indeed, for Friday of next week the long expected revival of *Die Meistersinger* is announced, and on the following Friday we shall probably hear *Tristan* for the first time in English. There is also a talk before the season closes on February 11 of reviving the opera *Diarmid*, which Mr. McCunn wrote to a libretto by the Marquis of Lorne in the latter part of 1897. Afterwards the provincial tour of the company will be resumed.

News has been received in London of the successful commencement of the Wagner "Cycles" in New York, but with Herr Dippel in place of M. Jean de Reszké. There will be two of these "cycles," one in the evening and one taking place early in the afternoon, an experiment which it is not impossible may be tried in London by Mr. Grau in the course of the coming summer at Covent Garden, where, by the way, the contract for the purchase of the house by the new Grand Opera Syndicate was definitely signed on Wednesday.

### THE MUSICAL FESTIVALS

Owing to the destruction by fire of Colston Hall, the Bristol Triennial Festival will not be held this year, the suggestion to remove it to Clifton being for some reason not entertained. It is difficult to understand why, for the greater number of the more opulent supporters of the Bristol Festivals probably come from Clifton and its neighbourhood. However, as the Bristol conductor,

the meeting of the committee held on Saturday. The rumours that new works had been secured from Mr. Cowen, Sir Hubert Parry, and others, proved to be unfounded. Sir Hubert Parry indeed had left the matter open, but he now finds that his engagements elsewhere will prevent him from contributing a new work. The committee are likewise disappointed in a new choral work which M. Paderewski had, it is said, offered to compose. The principal, and in fact the only actual novelty will, accordingly, be the much talked of dramatic oratorio, *The Passion of Christ*, by the Abbé Lorenzo Perosi, which has recently created so great a sensation throughout Italy. Whether Norwich will have the first hearing of any of Perosi's oratorios, three of which were given to the world last year, is not quite certain, as arrangements are in progress for the production of at least one of them at Queen's Hall, in the course of the coming season. Norwich, however, will most probably have the première of *The Passion of Christ*. Other works which have been heard elsewhere from the pens of Mr. Elgar, Mr. German, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor (*Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*), and Mr. Cowen (*The Ode to the Passions*), will be in the programmes, together with Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Handel's *Messiah*, Berlioz's *Faust*, Verdi's *Pezzi Sacri*, and Symphonies by Tchaikowsky and Brahms. Mr. Edward Lloyd will then make his farewell appearance at a Norwich Festival, and the other artists already engaged include Madame Albani, Madame Marie Brema, Miss Clara Butt, Messrs. Ben Davies, Bispham and Andrew Black.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHOLTO DOUGLAS

A correspondent at Ugyeleni, in Pondoland, in sending this photograph to show the effect of European civilisation upon the natives of South Africa, points out that these Pondoland girls had never seen white people before he went into the country

### THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION: NATIVE GIRLS PLAYING CROQUET IN PONDOLAND

of the late Henry Lazarus, although the work, it seems, was not introduced to Popular Concert audiences until Herr Mühlfeld himself played it six years ago. On Saturday he was associated in the Duo with Mr. Leonard Borwick.

### MR. BORWICK

At Mr. Borwick's recital at St. James's Hall on Monday he and Herr Mühlfeld revived Brahms' two Sonatas in E flat and F minor for pianoforte and clarionet, originally composed for the great clarionet player in 1894, and first brought out in London at a concert given by Miss Fanny Davies at St. James's Hall in June of the following year. Mr. Borwick's own portion of the programme comprised one of Bach's organ fugues, a couple of Chopin pieces, and some variations by Mozart adapted by Mr. Borwick from one of the clavier duets, said originally to have been written for a toy clock or musical box. For this toy Mozart also composed a fugue, of which Mr. Borwick promises us a hearing next week.

### THE CARL ROSA COMPANY

Last week the only addition to the Carl Rosa Company's Lyceum repertory was *Il Trovatore*, an opera at one time extremely popular, but now almost out of ordinary operatic calculations. The somewhat faded music was fairly well performed, the Azucena of Miss Kirkby Lunn being its chief feature. The present week, except as to Saturday, is devoted to repetitions of works already heard this season, namely, *Carmen*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci*, *Faust* and *Lohengrin*. This evening that essentially Saturday night

Mr. Riseley, has removed to London to direct the concerts at Queen's Hall and at the Alexandra Palace, perhaps a difficulty may have arisen.

The only two important Festivals of the present year, therefore, will be the Three Choirs Festival, to be held at Worcester on September 12 to 15, and the Norwich Festival, which will take place October 3 to 6. At the Worcester Festival, after a preliminary full service in the Cathedral, we are promised, in the morning, *Elijah*, and in the evening a new work for orchestra by Mr. Lee Williams, formerly organist of Gloucester Cathedral. On the morning of Wednesday, September 13, we are to hear a new symphony (his first) by Mr. Edward Elgar, of Malvern. The rest of the programme will be devoted to Dvorák's *Te Deum*, Brahms' *Requiem*, and Liszt's *Coronation Mass*, originally composed for the Coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the late Empress as King and Queen of Hungary. On the Wednesday evening the only Secular Concert will be given in the Public Hall. It will be devoted to a Wagner programme, together with a new orchestral piece from the pen of Mr. Elgar. On the Thursday morning we are promised Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Beethoven's Symphony in A, together with a new cantata entitled *Hora Novissima*, by Mr. Parker, the veteran composer of Boston, U.S. In the evening the programme will include: Bach's Church Cantata, *God's Time is the Best Time*, Sir Hubert Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, and *The Hymn of Praise*, the Festival closing on Friday morning with *The Messiah*. The programme of the Norwich Musical Festival was passed at

### Saluting the President of the Chamber

THE French Parliament is too modern an institution to have any great traditions and ceremonies, so when it became a question of creating a ceremonial the French mind at once fell back on military honours. One reason that may have contributed to this is the fact that the Legislative Chamber has gone through some stormy scenes, including invasion from without, which made the presence of a military force a source of advantage.

Thus it comes that the Palais Bourbon is under the charge of a strong military guard, one of whose duties is to render the honours when the President traverses the distance from his official residence to the Chamber. The President, of course, wears no robes, but compromises on the subject of costume by wearing evening dress. He has no Sergeant-at-Arms and no mace, but is simply preceded by a *huissier* wearing a silver chain and a court sword.

As soon as the *huissier* announces "Monsieur le President," the troops fall in on either side of the gallery, the drummer taking his place at the extremity of the line alongside of the officer of the day. As soon as the President appears the drums roll, the officer salutes, and the men present arms. Then, preceded by the officer in command and the *huissiers de service*, the President passes between the lines of soldiers, respectfully saluted by such persons as are present in the gallery, till he reaches the door of the Chamber, which no armed force dare cross except on the express order of the President.





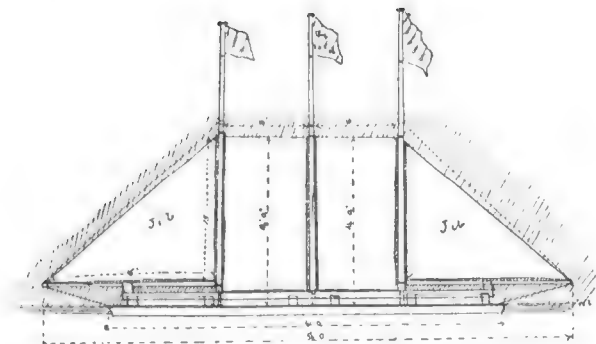
A GYMKHANA AT SEA: AN OBSTACLE RACE FOR THE CREW  
LIFE ON BOARD AN OCEAN STEAMER  
DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN



FIRING PRACTICE: A GOOD SHOT

### Naval Target Practice

A "LOOKER-ON" writes:—"As a good deal of correspondence has lately taken place in our public Press reflecting on the gunnery practice of Her Majesty's ships, it might interest your readers to learn the nature of the practices which have furnished the critics with their statistics and material for so much adverse criticism, and also that the practices are by no means so unsatisfactory as imagined. Besides the usual monthly target practices, there is every year a gun competition in each ship between all guns of the same nature in the ship, styled the 'Annual Prize Firing.' A target of the description and dimensions shown in the accompanying sketch is moored in a convenient spot, and the ship steams past it, commencing and ending at a distance of 1,600 yards (nearly a mile), at different rates of speed; a different amount of time being allowed for firing according to the nature of the guns competing. For instance, for turret and barbette guns, the largest guns in a ship's armament, this full-sized target is used, and each gun is allowed two runs past the target of six minutes each run (twelve minutes in all), at a speed of eight to nine knots, the object being to get as many rounds off, with as many hits in, as possible in that time. For 6in. quick-firing guns, the two outer wings, or jibs, are removed, leaving only the square of canvas between the masts; the ship's speed is increased to twelve knots, and only one run of two minutes' duration is



Prize-firing Target for Heavy Breech-loading or Muzzle-loading Guns  
For Heavy Quick-firing Guns the Jibs are removed  
(Hits on upper part of masts above the canvas do not count)  
Range: 1615 to 1400 yards

allowed. In both cases only actual hits inside the spread of canvas and lower framework of target are allowed to count. For the small 6-pr. and 3-pr. quick-firing guns a smaller target is used; the distance is reduced to 800 or 1,000 yards, and the speed of the ship to ten knots, and only one run past the target and a period of one minute allowed.

"The method of conducting this annual practice having now been explained, the actual firing and results some time since obtained by H.M.S. *Imperieuse*, the flagship on the Pacific station, are given below, and may be regarded as a fair average of the firing efficiency of H.M. Navy.



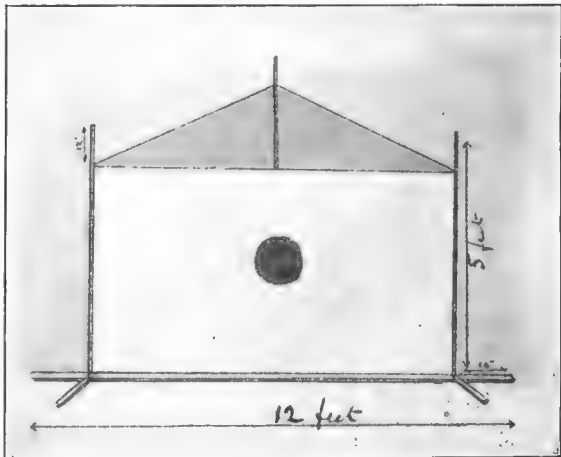
A TARGET AFTER BEING FIRED AT BY HEAVY GUNS

NAVAL TARGET PRACTICE: THE ANNUAL COMPETITION ON H.M.S. "IMPERIEUSE"

### ANNUAL PRIZE FIRING FOR YEAR 1898—H.M.S. IMPERIEUSE

No. of guns	Nature.	Speed of ship (knots)	Time allowed (mins.)	Distance (yards)	No. of rounds fired.	No. of hits on target.	Percentage of hits to rounds fired
4	9.2in. B.L.	8	12	1,400 to 1,612 <i>Best gun</i>	37	25	67.56
10	6in. Q.F.C.	12	2	1,400 to 1,612 <i>Best gun</i>	67	37	55.22
13	3-pr. and 6-pr. Q.F. Hotchkiss	10	1	900 to 1,000 <i>Best gun</i>	212	78	36.79
6	4.5in. five barrel Nordenfelts	10	1	900 to 1,000 <i>Best gun</i>	520	103	19.80
					115	24	20.87

"To illustrate these results better, a photograph is given of the actual target after being subjected to the firing of the 9.2in. B.L. and 6in. Q.F.C. guns only. This target had to be repaired several times during the course of the firing, and besides the hits actually



LIGHT QUICK-FIRING GUN PRIZE-FIRING TARGET

shown on the canvas, the tops of two of the masts were shot away, the moorings were also shot away twice, and more than a dozen shots struck so close to the edge of the target, that in their ricochet they passed right under it (each of these latter shots would have meant a hit under the water line for an enemy's ship); but none of these latter items are allowed to count in the prize score, nor have they been inserted in the table.

"If this target had been placed against the centre section of a battleship, with the exception of one shot that broke up in the gun on firing, not one round fired would have missed striking the ship in that section.

"Further, to give some idea of what such a fire would mean, let us imagine the *Imperieuse* with one broadside in action and firing for twelve minutes (the time allowed for the big guns at prize firing), then if each gun made proportionately as good practice in this twelve minutes as it did in the time allowed for its nature in the

Annual Prize Firing, a space on the side of an enemy's ship, the same size as the target above described, would receive the number of hits shown in the following table, and this notwithstanding the variation in the size of the targets, which, of course, much reduced the hits recorded for the smaller guns, and on which this table is based.

"Result of twelve minutes' fire from broadside of H.M.S. *Imperieuse*, calculated in proportion to hits actually recorded during the limited times each gun fired during annual prize firing:—

No. of guns on broadside.	Nature of gun.	Time in action.	Proportional number of hits calculated.
3	9.2in. B.L.	12 minutes	19
5	6in. Q.F.	"	111
9	6 and 3-pr. Q.F. Hotchkiss	"	468
			—598 Total

Or nearly 600 hits in twelve minutes, to say nothing of a hail of bullets from the Nordenfelt machine guns, probably another 600 on the same spot.



WHITEHEAD TORPEDO PRACTICE: THE TORPEDO LEAVING THE TUBE

"From the foregoing it will thus be seen that if such a result could be obtained by a ship like the *Imperieuse* with anything but "up-to-date" guns and fittings, how much better would it be from any more modern ship of the fleet. In conclusion I would add, that however bad the gunnery of our navy may be, the foreign ship that can receive with impunity the punishment that our ships can inflict has yet to be built."

### Mr. Harry Quilter's "Pied Piper of Hamelin"

THIS book of Mr., and we must add of Mrs., Harry Quilter is of so peculiar, if so entirely personal and unusual, a character that it deserves to be criticised by a standard quite other than that by which we measure the ability of most pen-writers and pen-artists. Devoted and conscientious men and women have done work similar in intention even since the monks gave up illuminating missals—no more because they desired to throw down a challenge to the printing press than that travellers by coach desire to express contempt of the railway train; but simply because they feel an irresistible incentive to the production of work by their hands, conceived and dictated by the heart and brain. Thus it was that Blake produced his drawn and written books, and thus it was that Burne-Jones and William Morris collaborated in their exquisitely drawn and illustrated copy of Omar Khayyam.

Mr. Quilter has chosen for the delight of his children—as he explains in a pretty preface—Browning's delightful poem, and while he has designed twenty-five borders and as many designs, Mrs. Quilter has filled in the former with the text. Neither border, nor picture, nor writing is technically perfect—not perfect as we would expect from the educated artist or the professional illuminator-writer; but there is a quality in the work which will go straight to the heart of everyone who can appreciate sincerity and effort. It is amateur work and so far defective—just as Cimabue's is defective; but there is no affectation of incompetence such as taints a vast deal of the work of certain (really accomplished) artists of the present day. It would be easy to criticise from the technical point of view—to explain how styles are introduced without regard for classic harmony, and how we have Gothic and Italian on one page, and Oriental close by; or how the borders are not always well designed for the spaces they are to fill; and particularly, how curiously inferior is the figure-drawing in the designs to that in the borders themselves. Indeed, this fact is one of the most remarkable in the consideration of the objections.

On the other hand, there is a richness of effect that, under the circumstances, is quite extraordinary. Blacks and whites tell upon each well-planned page as it can only tell when the masses are well proportioned. The spirit of the poem is well sustained throughout—a little heavily, perhaps, at times, but never so as to sacrifice the great interest of the work itself. The purely decorative borders are the best, both for originality, ingenuity, and beauty; such are those described as a "Rhodian Arabesque," "A Bird-Haunted Wood," among several more.

Regarded with sympathy, as it should be, this book will be received with appreciation, for it has been conceived and carried out in exactly that medieval spirit of earnestness and artistic endeavour that taught the world to love the representation of beauty and the expression of poetry. Whether the modern public will see the matter in this light remains to be proved.



## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

### "MATCHES" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

MISS ANNIE HUGHES'S mud-splashed and ragged Whitechapel match-girl, in the new comedy brought out at the COMEDY Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, has evidently been suggested by "Saucers," the unkempt and slatternly waif of the streets, whom this clever and delightful actress was able to make acceptable to audiences in Mrs. Beringer's *Bit of Old Chelsea*. The sordid traits of the portrait, however, are brought out in this replica more prominently; they are, moreover, not confined to a mere sketch but are extended over two out of three long acts. Two hours of half-unintelligible slang, supposed to be a faithful sample of the discourse of the lowest class in Whitechapel, is, it must be confessed, a little too much for one afternoon. A heroine who habitually interlards her speeches with oaths, calls donkeys "mokes," men "bokes," sovereigns "thick-uns," and who, when she is exhorted to improve her speech and manners, exclaims "You blooming well give me the hump!" may possibly have been sketched from the life, but it is a mistake to assume that what is true must be worthy of reproduction on the stage. And "Matches" after all is not true;

Bagot, though it appeared that they were "not in the house," received the honour of "a call."

The London County Council are credited with the intention of demolishing the GAIETY Theatre to make way for the much-needed broad thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn. It is not easy, however, to see the necessity for so costly a step or to understand why the new thoroughfare should not start from the south-eastern corner of Catherine Street. The GAIETY, which was built in 1868 and opened in December of that year, has become one of the most popular theatres in London, at least with playgoers who have a taste for light entertainments. It would certainly be missed from the list of London playhouses.

When we speak of the constantly increasing number of theatres in the West End we are apt to forget that during the last thirty years some important houses have also disappeared. There was the once prosperous QUEEN'S Theatre in Long Acre, built only a year before the GAIETY, which was converted some twenty years since into a Clergy Co-operative Stores and then into a carriage builder's. The historical SADLER'S WELLS, rendered for ever memorable in theatrical annals by Mr. Phelps's great series of Shakespearean representations, has been converted into a humble music hall. The FOLLY, in King William Street, Charing Cross, and even its successor, TOOLE'S Theatre, which was erected on the same site,

country. Instead of being seen in the revised version of *The Jest*, therefore, on February 4, it will be later in the month before he returns to London. As a consequence Messrs. Maltby and Spyers have secured an extension of their term, and *My "Soldier" Boy* will, therefore, continue to hold its place in the CRITERION bill till further notice.

Mr. Edward Terry, on the contrary, adheres to his intention of returning to his theatre in the Strand in the latter days of the present month, when he will produce young Mr. Bancroft's new play, *What Will the World Say?* As a consequence that diverting arcaical comedy, *The Brixton Burglary*, will on Monday migrate to the OPERA COMIQUE. This, however, does not imply that *Alice in Wonderland* will be withdrawn at the latter house; on the contrary, while *The Brixton Burglary* will occupy the evening bill, *Alice* will continue to make her appearance twice a day—at 11.15 and 2.30. This double matinée, if I mistake not, introduces an entirely novel custom, the result of which it will be interesting to watch.

The company recruited for the occasion by the NEW CENTURY Theatre will produce Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play, entitled *Grierson's Way*, very shortly at the HAYMARKET Theatre, which has been lent for the occasion by Messrs. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude.



Prebendary Whittington

Miss Gann

Princess Louise

The Master of the Mercers' Company

The Marquis of Lorne

Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, on Tuesday distributed, at the hall of the Mercers' Company, in Cheapside, the prizes gained by the successful students of the Royal Female School of Art, Queen Square. In the chair was Mr. Palmer, Master of the Company. Prebendary Whittington read the annual statement, which announced that the Queen had again commanded a selection of the students' work to be

submitted for her inspection, and had not only sent a gracious message of encouragement through Sir Fleetwood Edwards, but had purchased no less than five water-colours and chalk studies. The principal prizes were awarded as follows:—Miss Eveline Howell gained the Queen's Scholarship, and Miss Bertha Smith the Queen's Gold Medal and the Mercers' Scholarship, and Miss M. R. Greenhill the National Gilchrist Scholarship.

### PRINCESS LOUISE IN THE CITY: PRESENTING PRIZES TO THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

for the authors have represented this degraded creature as capable of occasional displays of refined sentiment which every spectator must feel to be entirely incompatible with the coarser traits of the character. The incongruity reaches its height when this strapping heroine is found confessing her love for her middle-aged military guardian to her doll, whom she calls Arabella, and winding up her artless prattle with the threat, "Harabella, if yer blabs, I'm damned if I don't choke yer." In the third act "Matches," who happens to be a lost heiress, and who has been discovered by her guardian, Major Glossop, living under the protection of a worthy old Irishwoman and her coster son, is found—a lapse of two years being supposed to have taken place—to have blossomed into a refined, well-behaved and accomplished young lady, all which is attributed to the softening influences of her love for the Major, on whom she finally bestows her hand and fortune. But this marvellous metamorphosis takes a tinge of the ludicrous when the terrible "Matches" of the first two acts is found rebuking her Irish foster-mother for her grammatical heresies in the words "Mother, will you never learn to speak English?" The rather simple-minded humours which are introduced by way of contrast to the sentiment of the piece need not detain us. The efforts of Miss Hughes and her associates were indulgently received by a typical afternoon audience, and the authors, who were stated to be Messrs. Charles Glenney and H. E.

have also vanished for the convenience of the adjacent hospital. The HOLBORN, also known in the course of its brief career as the ROYAL CONNAUGHT and the DUKE'S, has now long ceased to be; so has the old PRINCE OF WALES'S, so famous under the Bancroft management, together with the old COURT Theatre by Sloane Square, the PARK Theatre in Camden Town, the CITY OF LONDON in Norton Folgate, and the ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE in Holborn, which for a time was open as a regular theatre.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has now formally declared her intention to play Hamlet, and will probably appear first in that character on the English stage. It need hardly be said that she will not be the first lady Hamlet; but she says that to play the young Prince of Denmark before an English audience has been the dream of her life. The costumes worn by the company will be those of the ninth century—as far as known. The period of the story, however, is, as everyone knows, indefinite. An equally interesting piece of news is that Madame Bernhardt has offered her theatre in Paris to Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry for performances in English, though for various reasons this amiable offer will, we believe, not be accepted.

Mr. Charles Wyndham, who is still enjoying ease and leisure in the Riviera, has resolved to extend his sojourn in that delightful

It is significant of the growing importance of the new suburban houses that both Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are in this height of the playgoing season preparing for tours in the suburbs. The former commences her round of professional engagements early next month at the SHAKESPEARE Theatre, Clapham Junction, while the latter will start on February 20 at the new PRINCESS OF WALES'S Theatre at Kennington Park. Miss Terry will have with her some of her old and devoted associates from the LYCEUM. Mrs. Campbell's travelling repertory will include *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Mazda*, and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*.

The Marlowe Dramatic Club, who have for their president Mr. George Alexander, gave on Tuesday afternoon, at the ST. JAMES'S, a representation of Mr. Arthur Jones's moving play, *The Middleman*, for the benefit of the funds of the Great Northern Central Hospital.

The unexpected announcement is made that at the close of the Carl Rosa Opera performances the LYCEUM will pass for a while into the hands of Mr. Martin Harvey, a young actor of mark and likelihood. He will, it is said, produce a new version of Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, which has been prepared for him by Mr. Freeman Wills, brother of the late Mr. W. G. Wills.

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## New Novels

### "THE LAUREL WALK"

THE charming sisters, Frances, Betty, and Eira, who divide with a ghost and a young man or two the interest of Mrs. Molesworth's "The Laurel Walk" (Isbister and Co.), form a very seasonable family party. We are sure that they were in their time delightful types of their authoress's child-portraiture, for among their chief charms is that they are grown-up children still. The ghost, too, which haunts their laurel walk, is of a simple, old-fashioned order, and points an important moral besides—the remorse that may follow even into another world a testator who not only hides a will, but

leaves it unsigned. But where amiable young men meet charming young women, such difficulties in the way of settling the title of an estate can be got over without either ghosts to help or conveyances to hinder. "The Laurel Walk" is to be cordially recommended as a bright and wholesome story of very real and very interesting young people.

"NEIL MACLEOD"

"The story of 'Neil Macleod,'" says its writer, L. Gladstone (Hodder and Stoughton), "is the true experience of a young author, and gives a faithful picture of literary life in London as it is in these closing years of the century." As a picture of the emasculate side of so-called literary life it is almost too faithful to be interesting. It is the life in which "How many words can you write in a day?" is the first question asked by the successful lion of the new-day; the life of crowding, crushing, scrambling, amid which everybody is to be found except anybody who is worth finding. Neil Macleod has done work of high mark without ever having left his native Highland glen, and would certainly have done great work had he stayed there. Unfortunately he comes to London with all the conventional notions, only to become the temporary doll of a literary lady with a small title and a smaller reputation, and to be thrown away as soon as he bores her by taking their relation seriously. Meanwhile there is plenty of entertainment by the way. The "House-Tea" of the "Quill Pen" Club; the dinner of the Nomadic Club to a number of select literary ladies; and the conversation in the rooms of Merrick, the great critic. It is all very contemptuous, very amusing, and, it must be confessed, as true as it is possible for a photograph to be.

"WITHIN BOUNDS"

A lad who goes off to India without letting the very young girl of his heart know his wishes, must not be surprised if, when he comes back after five years, he finds that she has not remained entirely fancy free all that while. That is about the result of Ethel Coxon's "Within Bounds" (Archibald Constable and Co.), except that its very charming heroine, Olive Thorpe, loses no more than her fancy to the minor poet, who is so rapidly ousting the old-fashioned baronet from the rôle of villain. And so a very pleasant story has a suitably pleasant end. The novel is quite worth reading on its general merits, while special mention is due to its lively background of public school society, and to such telling portraiture as that of Olive's father—the man of intense feeling, in whom shyness amounts to actual tragedy.

"BACHELORLAND"

Mr. R. S. Warren Bell's "Bachelorland" (Grant Richards) is the Temple, which he depicts with knowledge, with affection, and now and then with humour. The basis of his story is the adoption, by the Bench of the Middle Temple, of an infant found on the steps of the hall one Grand Night, called Margot Prince, brought up under the tutelage of no less a personage than the Master, and left at last in the arms of an amiable Q.C. Whatever the lively little work may lack in probability, is amply made up in circumstantial realism. Those who know the Temple and its life the best will be the best entertained by it—and that is as high praise as need be bestowed. It is just the book for a thoroughly idle hour.

"ANANIAS"

The Hon. Mrs. Alan Brodrick has tied a capital knot under the title of "Ananias" (Methuen and Co.). An immense estate is left



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to Richard Annesley, a needy man with urgent family claims, or rather duties, upon him, and thirty thousand pounds to his parents, on condition that he shall marry a certain Alicia, whose fortune also is made dependent upon the same marriage. So far as he is concerned, there is the reverse of love in the case; but he at last yields to the very natural temptation, and goes through a nuptial ceremony which is to remain but a ceremony and nothing more. Need it be said that this temptation is followed in due course by a further temptation to bigamy, under exceptionally safe and easy circumstances? The manner in which Mrs. Brodrick disentangles her knot is less satisfactory than its entanglement—more amateurish, to our thinking, even than the method of Alexander. But the novel is good enough to make one a little angry that it is not a great deal better.

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A black and white photograph showing a group of five people standing in front of a large, ancient stone structure, possibly a tomb or monument. In the foreground, there is a large, rectangular stone block. The people are dressed in early 20th-century attire. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an outdoor setting at night or in low light.

## THE INTERIOR OF THE TOMB

of Septimius Severus was being repaired by the order of Signor Barcelli, Minister of Instruction, when the workmen discovered under the road a pavement of black stones. Continuing the excavations, they further discovered three large slabs of marble and other objects. The Minister ordered a committee of archeologists to examine the curious discovery, and they concluded unanimously that it was the tomb of Romulus.

## Some New Books

“NINE YEARS AT THE GOLD COAST,” by the Rev. Dennis Kemp (Macmillan), is an interesting book both as regards the general information it contains and the progress it shows made by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, of which the author was the general superintendent. The writer tells us that there are three necessary stages through which a worker must pass; the first is great enthusiasm and hope, the second is one of disappointment bordering on to disgust, and the third is reached only after the exercise of patience and kindly consideration for the surroundings of those among whom they work—it is a stage of utmost confidence in the ultimate success of the Gospel. That the patience is rewarded is proved by the progress made in the civilisation and education of the natives. On the vexed question as to whether missionaries should take their wives to the Gold Coast he is of opinion that, given a good constitution, they should go. There is an immense field of work open to them. He quotes Dr. Beecham, who said in 1842, “That the degradation of the female sex is one of the greatest

and curiosities add much to the value of the book. "Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac," by Frank Wilkinson, a Survivor of Grant's last campaign (Redway), is a book that it is impossible to read without feeling that the author has allowed his personal feelings to overstep the bounds of truth and justice. If it had been written by a Southerner, it could not



THE TOMB AND THE ARCH OF SEPTIMUS SEVERUS

have more condemned the Northern Army and its officers. The author enlisted in Albany in 1863, and was sent to the barracks, where, to his astonishment, he found, closely guarded, eight or ten hundred recruits, whom he stigmatises as ruffians, blackguards, thieves, and cowards, and who had joined the Army to get the bounty money, and who intended to desert at the earliest opportunity. The privates, apparently, discussed the orders given by the officers, and if they did not agree with them, they simply refused to obey. For instance, at the battle of Cold Harbour, "the impression among the more intelligent soldiers was that the task cut out for them was more than the men could accomplish." The order to charge was given, and he says:—"Men, whom I knew well, stood rifles in hand not more than thirty feet from me, and, *I am happy to state*" (the italics are ours), "that they continued so to stand. Not a man stirred from his place. The army to a man refused to obey the order." The book is unpleasant reading, there is not a word in praise for the army in which the author served. In fact, the reader might well imagine that he had been reading an account of a series of disasters rather than of the victorious advance of an army that captured Richmond and brought the war to a successful conclusion.

Miss Edith Jackson is to be congratulated upon her "Annals of Ealing" (Phillimore and Co. and C. Clark). She has taken immense pains in her research among ancient manuscripts and documents relating to that neighbourhood, and gives a detailed history of all the principal old houses and families. Ealing is celebrated as the home of the Walpole family, and the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister who was shot in the House of Commons, also resided there. His daughter, Miss Perceval, to whom the book is dedicated—is still living in the "Manor House," or Pittshanger Manor, a house which was, with the exception of two rooms, rebuilt by Soane, the generous donor of the museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields to the nation. The book is well illustrated.

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In Memory of  
GORDON

*Khartoum, January 26, 1885.*

THE crowning incident of the Egyptian Campaign was the Memorial Service held beneath the shadow of the ruins of Gordon's Palace at Khartoum after the Battle of Omdurman. The Sirdar and detachments from every Regiment of the British and Egyptian Army attended, and the Service was most touching and impressive. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, describing the scene, writes:—

“ The troops formed up before the palace in three sides of a rectangle—Egyptians to our left as we looked from the river, British to the right. The Sirdar, the generals of division and brigade, and the staff stood in the open space facing the palace. Then, on the roof—almost on the very spot where Gordon fell, though the steps by which the butchers mounted have long since vanished—we were aware of two flagstaves. By the right-hand halliards stood Lieutenant Staveley, R.N., and Captain Watson, K.R.R.; by the left hand Bimbashi Mitford and two other officers.

“The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull on the halliards, up ran, out flew the Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his reins, dazzling gloriously in the sun, rejoicing in his strength and his freedom. ‘Bang!’ went the *Melik’s* 12½-pounder, and the boat quivered to her backbone. ‘God Save Our Gracious Queen’ hymned the Guards’ band—‘bang!’ from the *Melik*—and Sirdar and private stood stiff—‘bang!’—to attention, every hand at the helmet peak—‘bang!’—in salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same instant; and now, the same ear-smashing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Soudanese was playing the Khedivial hymn. ‘Three cheers for the Queen!’ cried the Sirdar; helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive. The comrade flags stretched themselves lustily, enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war.

Thus, white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartoum. Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves the bands were playing the Dead March in 'Saul.' Then the black band was playing the march from Handel's 'Scipio,' which in England generally goes with 'Toll for the Brave;' this was in memory of those loyal men among the Khedive's subjects who could have saved themselves by treachery, but preferred to die with Gordon. Next fell a deeper hush than ever, except for the solemn minute guns that had followed the fierce salute. Then the chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist—came slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their backs to the palace, just before the Sirdar. The Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm. The Anglican led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Father Brindle, best beloved of priest and soldier, read a memorial prayer barcheaded in the sun. Then came forward the pipers and wailed a dirge, and the Soudanese played 'Abide with me.' Perhaps lips did twitch just a little to see the ebony heather so fervently blowing out Gordon's favourite hymn; but the most irresistible incongruity would hardly have made us laugh at that moment. And there were those who said the cold Sirdar himself could hardly speak or see, as General Hunter and the rest stepped out according to their rank and shook his hand. What wonder! He had trodden this road to Khartoum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last."

This ever-memorable historic event has been painted by Mr. Lance Calkin, assisted by Mr. Maud, the Special Artist who was present, for the Proprietors of *The Graphic*.

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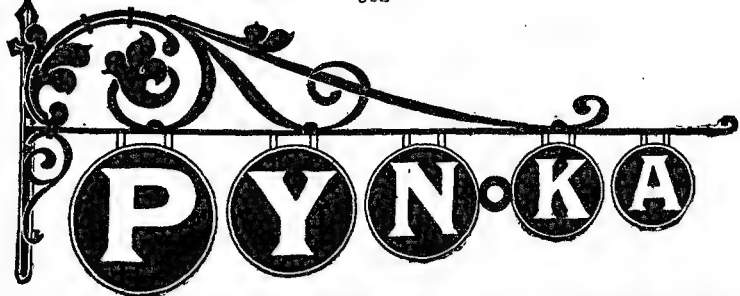
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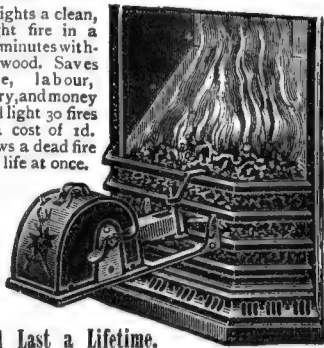
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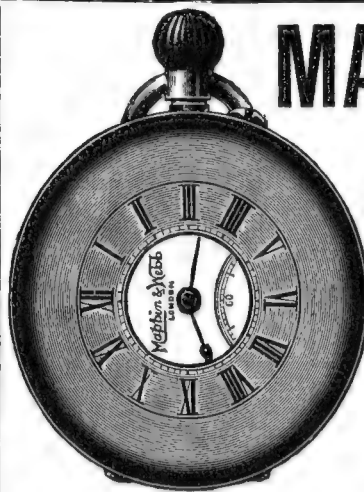
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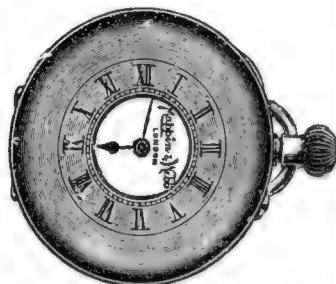
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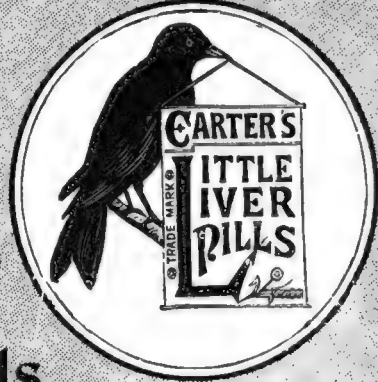
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## Three Art Volumes

It is not many years since the artistic importance of the collection of pictures belonging to the Corporation of Glasgow has been widely recognised, and it is a service that Messrs. Annan have rendered in issuing their twenty-five photogravures, with accompanying text by Mr. Edward Pinnington, in volume form. These photogravures, good in their way, but usually too dark, represent a well-chosen selection of the chief pictures in this interesting gallery, while the text, a little discursive at times, is in fact a capital *catalogue raisonné* for those who learn how to use it—for the usual tabulated form is here dispensed with. It will be observed that the "St. Victor with a Donor" is definitively ascribed to Hugo Van der Goes, and "The Adulteress brought before Christ" to Giorgione.

The new and cheap edition of "Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.: a Record and Review," places this delightful volume within the reach of everyone. Profusely illustrated, with the addition of pictures which did not appear in the larger book, it becomes a guide to the work of the great decorative artist who is gone. It is in no sense a biography, nor does it deal with the works themselves with that fulness which it is to be expected will follow in due course. But to the majority of people this volume will suffice. It is to be regretted, however, that in revising his text and bringing the book up to date Mr. Malcolm Bell has not seen fit to modify his misrepresentation of Mr. Ruskin's alleged *obiter dictum*, or to suppress his wrangle with nameless art critics, or to remove the evidence of

bad taste and worse temper in the allusion to one writer as "Mr. 'Arry' Quilter." A book of this sort is written as much for posterity as for the reader of to-day, and Mr. Bell is likely to suffer more than Mr. Quilter in future estimation from this arrant piece of tactlessness. Apart from this, and one or two other minor objections, the book is of a distinct value. (G. Bell and Sons.)

Few living writers are more competent to deal with the work of Titian than Mr. Claude Phillips, whose admirable dual "study" of the artist has been issued by Messrs. Seeley in a single volume. Thus the two "Portfolio" publications, dealing with the "Earlier Work of Titian" and the "Later Work of Titian," have been brought together, and the whole constitutes one of the most important and suggestive disquisitions on the subject of recent years. Mr. Claude Phillips is not only a profound scholar on his own subjects, he is a man of imagination too, and his book is both suggestive and instructive, for not only has he knowledge, but also, as the French say, *il a de l'œil*. It is, therefore, all the more a matter for regret, that in the second part Mr. Phillips has not found it possible to carry out his intention of dealing with the drawings of Titian with a view to showing how they may be differentiated from those of Domenico Campagnola. It is true that Morelli has dealt pretty conclusively with the same subject, but the need of such a chapter is not the less felt here. No student can afford to ignore this richly illustrated monograph of the painter who, in Mr. Phillips's own words, "is wider in scope, more glowing with the life-blood of humanity, more the poet-painter of the world and the world's fairest creatures than" either Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, or Raphael.

## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

A JOURNEY from Lyme to London on the 14th inst. did not suggest that we had passed through the period of protracted drought so forcibly presented to us in *The Daily Graphic* diagram of the same date. We looked from the diagram to the left at Christchurch, and the two rivers, Avon and Stour, were seen to be "out" for miles. We looked to the right on approaching the west of Southampton, and still more extensive floods revealed themselves. The Thames Valley showed an extensive area of fields—invalued by water, and there was water over the towing path of the whole tidal Thames. The fierce rains of the 13th would mislead us very easily into thinking that the deficiency of many months had been made up. But it is not so. The chief floods were due to winds driving up a naturally high tide, and the vast bulk and mass of the land remains in need of moisture. The aspect of the growing wheat is singularly favourable. It is not too forward, for its average date of sowing was about three weeks late. It is robust in growth and good in colour, while the growth of weeds is less than might have been feared. The danger of the present precocity in the growth of shrubs, however, is a real one. There are rhododendrons in the Bourne-mouth Winter Gardens which believe that it is May, and on all sides we see signs of the hopes that Nature is building on a very insecure basis. The weather of February, March, and even April may afford a rude awakening, and growth be damaged for an entire season.

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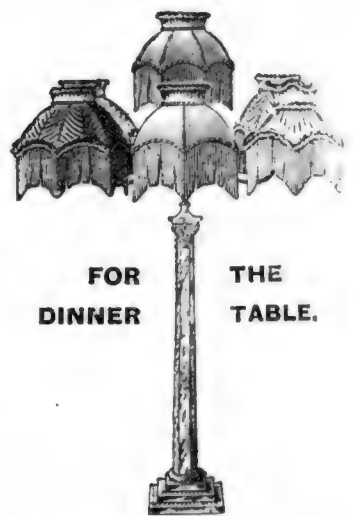
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THE PARSON AND HIS TITHE

*Tantum religio.* The average clergyman is not given to quoting Lucretius, but if anything would drive him to that atheistical writer it is the announcement that for the current year the tithe rent charge will be 68l. 2s. 4d., or in other words that the persons ordinarily paying him 100l. will be legally entitled to keep 31l. 17s. 8d. in their own pockets. As there are some twenty thousand country clergymen bit by this fact, the injury to the rural interest in general is very considerable. Horses and carriages will often have to be "put down," while the gardener will not seldom become an "occasional" instead of a regular "employé." There is no good mincing matters. Clergymen are bad men of business, and the tithe commutation of 1835 was hideously mismanaged. From 1850 to 1883 there was a yearly bonus which the clergy of that day were allowed quietly to spend. Of course it should have been banked against emergencies and bad times. Had things been averaged the loss to the Church from tithe commutation would have been two and a half per cent. net, which is not an unfair price to

pay for the great convenience of payment in gold instead of in kind. The Church as an institution is eternal, the clergyman as an individual is exceedingly mortal. It, therefore, is little surprise to us that we have never come across a single instance—have never heard of one of our twenty thousand benefited clergy putting aside the bonuses of the years above *par* to cover years when the tithe was below *par*—at the same time the Archbishops and Bishops' Convocation and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners might in this matter be expected to show some wisdom in their corporate capacity.

HEDGES

Now is the time to look after the hedges. There is nothing which makes a farm look better than well-kept hedges, and the economy is very great, straying cattle, sheep, and horses, often doing more damage in a few hours than would be covered by the cost of looking after all the hedges on the farm. The commonest sort of hedge, that of hawthorn, should now be gone over and gaps if any filled up by the planting not of other hawthorns, but of

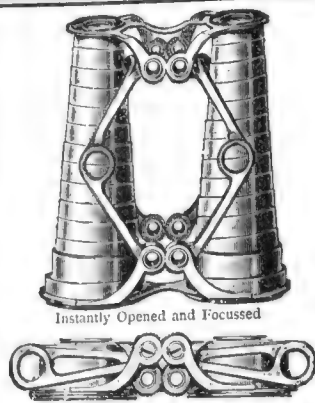
beech or hornbeam, both of which do well in connection with the thorn, while odd'y enough the old thorns and the young thorns scarcely ever get on together. A difficulty about hedges is the extreme partiality of live stock for the young shoots of the hedge, and if the farmer has spare hurdles it is best to use them to cover the hedges which have had to be at all closely cut. Where the hedges have had to be "ribbed" such protection is often absolutely essential. The occasional tree in a hedge is picturesque, but it is not to be recommended. Its shadow will cause a comparatively unproductive patch in the field, and it also draws away sustenance from the hedge. There is one economy which not even the poorest farmer should practise. Better leave the hedge for a whole season and then have a skilled hedger to deal with it, than employ an unskilled hand. Hedges are remarkable for the difference which the treatment of them makes. A skilled hedger will in three seasons get the hedge thick, close, robust and uniform, while the careless and unskilled hand will ruin in the same period the best hedge on the best land.

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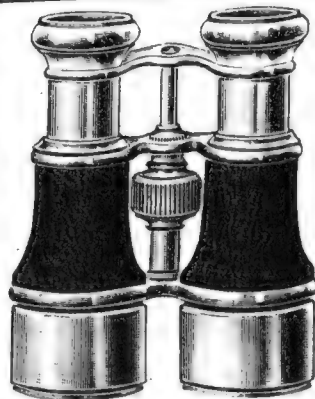


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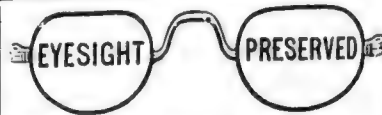


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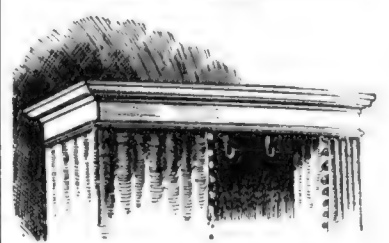
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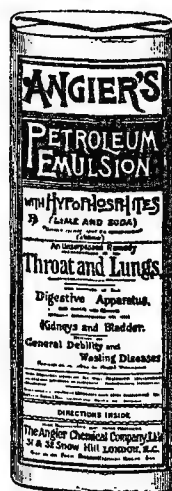
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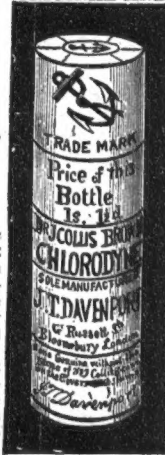
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DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See the Times, July 13, 1864.

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THE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 21, 1899



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